Week ending November 23 1957 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

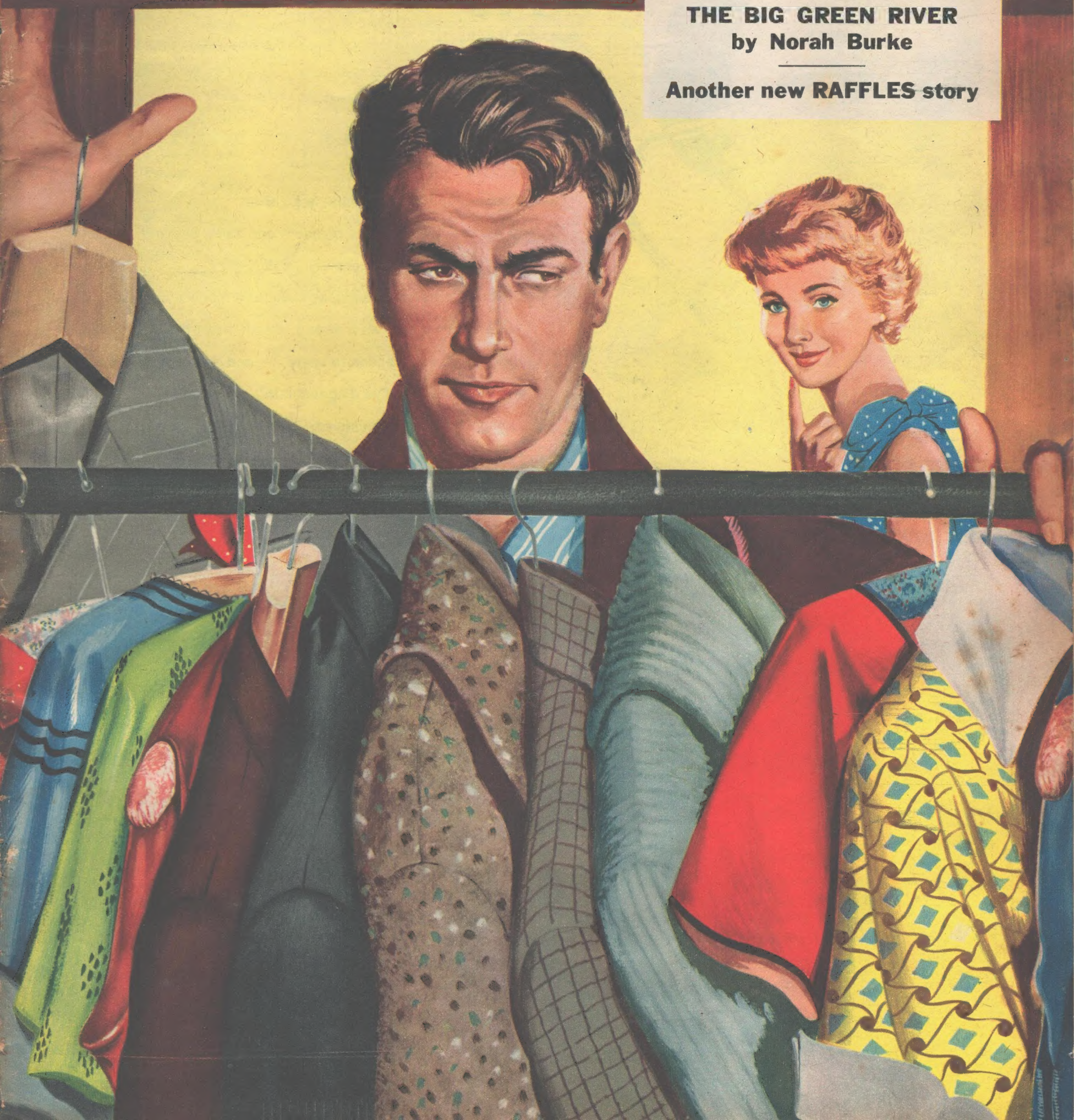
"Set Europe Ablaze!" ordered Churchill. Here is the exciting story of how it was done

THE OFFICE OF SECRET WAR

by Colonel Maurice Buckmaster

THE BIG GREEN RIVER
by Norah Burke

Another new RAFFLES story



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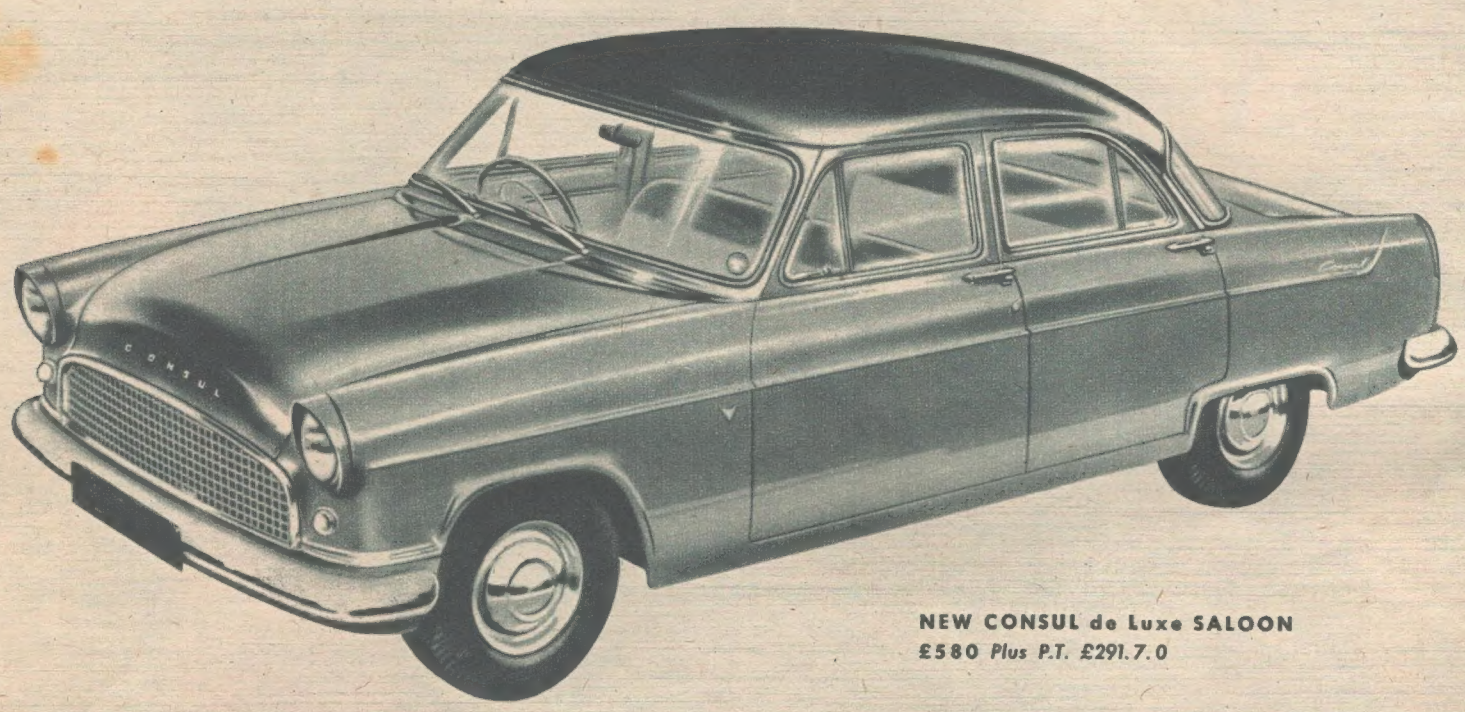

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CHANCERY 3344 NOVEMBER 23, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2682

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Buckmaster visits a French street named in his honour

THERE were four years in the life of Maurice Buckmaster when he never relaxed. But as chief of sabotage war in France (he begins the story of those years on page 11) he trained himself not to worry either. It was part of his job to be ruthless. "You couldn't be sentimental," he says. "Although many of the British agents I sent out were personal friends, I just had to trust my own judgment and not worry about them. That's all I could do."

Buckmaster had little time for family life. For a long time his wife had no idea that he was head of the French section of Special Operations Executive. Sometimes she met Buckmaster's agents socially, but she never knew what their jobs were.

For several years Buckmaster worked seven days a week at his Baker Street headquarters. Now, at fifty-five, he still works hard—as chief of Ford's public relations department. He drives the thirteen miles from his Chelsea home—it appeared on television's *At Home* programme last year—to Dagenham every weekday and is there from 8.30 a.m. until 6 p.m.

Buckmaster, who was educated at Eton and Oxford and holds the O.B.E., still hears from the agents he sent out to France. From time to time they write from all parts of the world and, when they are in London, call to see him.

He keeps in touch with France, too, for he is well known there, and frequently broadcasts commentaries to the French people on current affairs. For his work in wartime they made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and gave him the Croix de Guerre.

A CRITIC viewed a painting by art student Gerry Fancett and prophesied: "You'll never be a successful artist." Today, sixteen years later, Fancett can look out over the Thames at Millbank from the flat where he works and say: "As an artist I make a far better living that I ever dreamed possible."

Fancett, who illustrates our serial *Greek Fire*, which is on page 26 this week, is now a tall, spare thirty-four year old. He joined an advertising agency on leaving Harrow School of Art, but resigned because he could not tolerate fixed hours. Now he stays in his flat and paints purely when he is in the mood for it—"and that's usually when I'm being harassed by art editors to produce something."

He has painted fewer than half a dozen pictures for pleasure. "I rarely have either the mood or the time for them," he says. Two of these pictures are portraits of his wife, fashion model Sonya Raven, whom he met when she modelled for him.

When he has found the country house which he has been seeking for six months—his Millbank flat is to be demolished to make room for offices—Fancett would like to find time for golf and sailing. "But I doubt if I'll ever get round to that," he says. "I'm such a lazy cove—slow, idle and contented by nature."

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Rawlplugs in handy 1/- boxes, or complete outfits from 3/-.

RAWLPLUG
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From your ironmonger or hardware store.

A226

Free Speech

- **Parents who jeopardize their children**
- **Why our favourite hymns get rewritten**
- **People who steal our stamps**

IN the past month I have seen two accidents caused by children—and in one of them a toddler of two who should have been on reins dashed into the road, causing a car to swerve into a lamppost.

Because dogs caused 2,643 road accidents last year several towns are now designating roads in which dog owners can be prosecuted for failing to keep their animals leashed.

It's time that something similar was done about children who are allowed to roam the streets out of control. Its unfair to motorists as well as to the children themselves. Parents of children who cause accidents should be prosecuted for having failed to train them properly. —O. D., Northallerton, Yorkshire.

"Last year 717 children were killed and 47,000 injured in road accidents," says the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. "Motorists were not to blame in 470 of the 534 cases in which child pedestrians were killed."

Forcing Delivery

My coal merchant informed me last month that if I didn't order all the coal due to me over the previous half-year—it amounted to 15 cwt.—I would forfeit it. But my cellar holds only 10 cwt.

Coal should be allocated from year to year for people like me. If I can't get my summer coal in the winter when I need it most who *does* get it?—MRS. C. JOHNSTON, Pitt Street, Leith, Edinburgh, 6.

"Every spare lump goes to our insatiable industries," says the Ministry of Fuel and Power. "But if Mrs. Johnston is suffering hardship she should put her case to the local fuel overseer who will do his best to help."

What's Your Line?

At a recent church service I joined in the singing of that hardy favourite "Come Ye Thankful People Come." I had been handed one of the church hymn books but wasn't looking at it because I have known the words by heart for fifty years. But gradually I

realized that my neighbour in the pew was for the most part singing entirely different words from mine.

By whom, and by what right, has Dean Henry Alford's composition been altered?—D. J. ANDERSON, West Street, Brading, Isle of Wight.

"Dean Alford wrote two versions," say the publishers of "Hymns Ancient And Modern," "and our current version is based on the original, written in 1844."

Continental Trip

Emlyn Griffith's story about his grandfather being nicknamed "Dai Candles" ("Free Speech," October 19) amused me. At the colliery where my own grandfather worked the most unusual nickname was that of an old man known as "Hamburg."

Several years before the first World War he had seen a lantern lecture extolling the beauties of that German city. He made up his mind to see it

for himself, saved hard, and got there just in time to be interned when war broke out.

It was four years before he reached home again.—MRS. A. THOMPSON, Rowlands Gill, Co. Durham.

Stamp Collectors

In the past year I have answered more than two dozen box number advertisements offering houses or bungalows for sale, and although I have always enclosed stamped addressed envelopes I have had only one reply.

I know that the properties I have written about have probably been snapped up. But it would have cost the owners nothing to tell me.

Perhaps, under present-day standards, the retention of my stamps and envelopes is no longer considered dishonest. — CHARLES E. JOHNSON, Castle Street, Eccleshall, Stafford.

"This practice is dishonest only if the advertiser asked for stamped addressed envelopes to be enclosed," says a lawyer. "Otherwise it is merely discourteous."

Outmoded Manners

It's time that our airy-fairy writers of books on the etiquette of eating stopped trying to perpetuate awkward and outdated customs.

Eating peas with a knife and fork is inefficient, so why the blazes shouldn't I use a spoon? And if I want to protect my new tie why shouldn't I pin my napkin to my chest?

With millions of the world's population at near starvation level the basic principle of our eating habits should be to waste nothing. Instead of the ridiculous fiction that a hostess will be upset if I clear my plate, she should be delighted that I find her cooking irresistible. And nobody should look askance if I mop up the last of my gravy with a piece of bread or, as they do on the Continent, pick up bones in my fingers.

But whatever we do, let's not adopt the outmoded American system of eating with only a fork just because the pioneers wanted to keep their trigger fingers free. I'd as soon try to eat custard with chopsticks.—P. H., Barnet, Hertfordshire.

Match Point

Last week the three men in my office spent half their lunch hour making a ball out of newspaper and transparent tape so that they could play a crazy form of cricket with the wastepaper basket for stumps.

Their ages range from twenty to thirty-nine, and they were therefore old enough to know better. As the inner office can be seen by customers

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Mummy, I know what Daddy wants for Christmas

Do you Jimmy What is it?

One of those new Gillette razors

And for the man at the top of your Christmas list it is the right answer, too. You can choose him a razor that is 'tailor-made' to match his skin and beard... from Gillette's new Superspeed Trio—Light, Medium or Heavy. (The man in the shop will help you choose.) A quick-action razor—a quick-feed dispenser with 4 Blue Gillette Blades—all in a handy streamlined case for only **7/6**

GILLETTE *for Christmas*

Ricory

(our favourite coffee drink)

saves money!

Nothing could be simpler—pop a teaspoonful in the cup and pour on hot water. (Add milk and sugar to taste, of course.) Nothing could be nicer—the grand satisfying flavour of fine coffee plus the zesty tang of chicory. Nothing could be easier on the "housekeeping" : . . forty-eight heartening cups of Ricory for only half-a-crown. Buy a tin, try a cup—everyone will love it!

In our house we always have

Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of the soluble solids from coffee and chicory, powdered with added dextrins, maltose and dextrose.

Ricory

QUICK COFFEE DRINK BY NESTLÉ's

SR 18

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

and salesmen in the waiting-room I thought that the office manager would clamp down on this sort of thing. But all he said when he came in unexpectedly was: "Jolly good. I'll keep wicket."

No wonder this man's world of ours is run on such irresponsible lines.—Miss G. R., Coventry.

Chuting The Wood

I was interested to read Harry Hopkins's article about Britain's waterways ("A Bustling Future For Our Canals," John Bull, October 12). But I wonder why the Forestry Commission makes so little use of natural waterways for rafting timber cut in the Western Highlands.

Mountainous lochsides clad in spruce, pine and larch lend themselves to chuting timber direct to the water. Small diesel tugs could then tow it in the form of rafts to the nearest road or railhead.

The costly forest roads now being cut into precipitous hillsides are a nightmare for lorry drivers. The existing roads were built in the horse-and-cart era and can't stand up to heavy timber haulage.

Forestry is a major industry nowadays, but it doesn't seem to be operated on modern business lines.—George Johnston, Swedish Houses, Ardentinny, Dunoon, Argyllshire.

"Water has been used for logging timber in Scotland," says the Forestry Commission, "but this isn't an economical method there. The forest road system makes the extraction of timber easier—and if fire breaks out we can rush in equipment to control it."

Rights Of Way

In the footnote to the complaint made about wheeled shopping baskets by Mrs. J. Mitchell of London ("Free Speech," November 2) a lawyer states that "strictly speaking, nobody may push a carriage or truck along the pavement."

Does this include a pram? If so, what is a mother with a young baby supposed to do?—Mrs. E. Turner, Bolton, Lancs.

"Keep pushing her pram whenever she likes," says a lawyer, "as long as she does it with reasonable consideration for the rights of other users of the pavement. A jury agreed that a pram was not a carriage in a test case in 1861."

Historic Hut

With other students from British and Danish universities I have spent the past two summers prospecting for a Danish company over much of the country described last month by David Howarth in his story of the secret war in East Greenland ("The Sledge Patrol").

In the two months of brilliant sunshine which is the arctic summer we called at nearly all the trapping huts

Hut at Musk Ox Fiord

featured in the retreat south from Eskimoness. We stayed for several days in the hut at the head of Musk Ox Fiord where Poulsen found the three-year-old packet of beans which enabled him to continue his arduous trek. Today the Sledge Patrol is composed of Danish Army officers who face the strictest security tests before being accepted, and although they are away from their homes for three years, theirs is considered one of the most honourable assignments in the Danish Army.

It was from them and the trappers that I first heard of the wartime adventures of the men from Eskimoness.—James G. Cruickshank, Aberdeen.

Roaring Excavators

The glowing account of the Acorn Bank open-cast coal site ("Mining With The Lid Off," John Bull, October 26) sounded fine. But what was once a peaceful countryside is now lit up at night by powerful lamps casting a glow in the sky as big as that of a small town.

And the roar from excavators and draglines mingled with dull explosions

from the many coal faces brings dull rumbles and thuds to the ears as far as three miles away from the site.—Neil Harris, Burradon Colliery, Dudley, Northumberland.

"It will be at least five years before we are finished with the Acorn Bank site," says the National Coal Board. "But if we don't work round the clock we will be there for ten. When we have completed our soil restoration programme Mr. Harris will find the scenery as peaceful as ever, and if anything the quality of farmland will have improved."

Dampening Enthusiasm

I think that there would probably be fewer working hours lost through rheumatism if there was a compulsory "Rain stopped play" rule for football as well as for the summer games.—Mrs. C. Done, Millfield Crescent, Newburn, Newcastle, 5.

Roundabout Answers

R. M. of Lanarkshire asked who has the right of way on roundabouts ("Free Speech," November 2). The answer is obvious: give way to the car on your right because you can see him but he may not be able to see you. So any car approaching your entry road on a roundabout is on your right and should be given the right of way.

If the Highway Code cut a lot of the cackle and gave a few simple but definite rulings on such questions we should all be able to travel with less indecision and fewer accidents.—P. J. Forrest, Masefield Road, Exeter, Devonshire.

. . . I am amazed to find anybody seeking to establish a "right of way" at roundabouts or anywhere else in this accident-ridden land of ours.

This attitude of mind, which does more harm than good, is prevalent on the Continent — particularly in Germany, where drivers are so pig-headed over their "rights of way" that they are prepared to die to establish them.—H. G., London.

Credit That's Due

In the five years that I've been married I've kept seven credit accounts going continuously at the big stores in my town. The owners and managers are all important men locally and they look upon me as a man of good standing—because I keep them waiting for their money.

As a credit customer I'm far better known than people who pay cash and then disappear. I get personal service in the store; advance notices of sales; a card which says that I am a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Mackintosh's 'Quality Street'

... makes a Merry Christmas!

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., HALIFAX

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the gift of a lifetime

REMINGTON
Super 60 DE LUXE
With the world's most revolutionary electric shaver development—
ROLLER-COMB ACTION
to remove 'hidden beard'
Regular Model £10.1.3. (incl. P.T)
Triple Volt Model £11.1.11. (incl. P.T)
Or on convenient easy terms

REMINGTON
Four-most
The new, low-priced, top-quality model that enables every women to present the world's greatest electric shaver value.
Dual Volt Model £6.19.6. (incl. P.T)
Or on convenient easy terms

That's the one! No doubt about it, there's the gift he *really* wants. Finest of them all—REMINGTON.

Like most men, he knows a good thing when he sees it. So does she, for this lucky man's happy Christmas is already in the bag.

Happy the man who wakes up to the gift of a lifetime this Christmas morning—and every morning after. Happy the woman who chooses such an outstandingly welcome present.

Distinguished in appearance, superb in performance. From every point of view a REMINGTON Shaver is *the* gift you'll be so proud to give ; the gift he'll be so thrilled to receive.

Ladies! *Start dropping your own Remington hints too! Make sure you get a 'Princess' this Christmas—and enter your new age of feminine elegance. The new Remington 'Princess' is the sheerest, surest way to modern grooming—without a shadow of doubt. Start hinting now!*

REMINGTON

THE WORLD'S FINEST SHAVERS

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

reputable customer and should be treated as such—and I get the best maintenance on the goods that I buy.

I may be up to my neck in debt, but at home my loans are invested in things that make for better living—and socially they are a credit to me.—J. S., Sussex.

Square Judges?

I frequently read of High Court judges professing ignorance of the meanings of commonly used expressions in everyday life. Surely people

who hold such responsible positions in public life should be aware of how the other half lives and speaks.—Mrs. P. J. Guy, Grand Avenue, Ely, Cardiff.

"The judge might know as well as any of us what these expressions mean," says a lawyer, "but slang terms change so rapidly that it is often necessary for him to be sure that they mean the same to everybody concerned in a case. Dig me?"

Spies That Got Away

Your series on "Hitler's Spies In Britain" was interesting but puzzling. Why was Björnson, who broke his ankle when landing by parachute, merely interned when captured? And why wasn't Arthur George Owens, the Welsh master-spy who was believed to have ended up in Dartmoor, not executed? I thought that this was the fate of all spies caught in wartime.

I would be interested to know just how many spies were executed by Britain during the war, and how many of them were British.—F. E. P., Ealing, London, W.5.

"There was probably insufficient evidence of large-scale spying against Björnson and Owens at the time," says the Home Office. "Four of the sixteen spies convicted by British courts under the Treachery Act and executed during the war were British. They were George Armstrong, Jose Key, Duncan Scott-Ford and Oswald Job. There were also four Germans, four Belgians, three Dutch and one Portuguese."

. . . The description of the German spy who masqueraded as managing director of a German engineering firm with a branch in South Wales and escaped from his house in Marlborough Road, Cardiff, only twenty-four hours before the outbreak of war particularly interested me. At that time I was helping to requisition empty houses for Cardiff City Council. We nailed a requisition order to the door of a house in Marlborough Road, obtained the key from the agent and entered.

In the attic were two elaborate pieces of radio equipment—a receiver and a transmitter—as large as radiograms, and we concluded at the time that these had been used by enemies of our country. — Ivor Harris, Bettws-y-Coed Road, Cardiff.

Side View On Driving

When a motorist emerges from a side road on to a main road high walls or hedges often cut off his view of main road traffic. It's surprising that no manufacturer has yet designed a small mirror projecting forward from the radiator cap at such an angle that the driver could see to his right or left without having to drive the length of his bonnet into the traffic. —R. Baudains, St. John, Jersey.

"But such a mirror might distract the driver with irrelevant images," says the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

Cheap Telephones

Mrs. Elizabeth Paris of Norfolk says that German telephone subscribers can dial long-distance calls direct ("Free Speech," October 26). But an automatic long-distance service has been operating in Switzerland for several years. Redundancy of employees resulting from its introduction has offset steadily mounting labour costs and enabled Swiss authorities to maintain yearly rentals to subscribers at prewar levels—as low as between £5 and £7 10s.—Hilde H. Caro, Grove Gardens, London, N.W.8.

"But Switzerland was never involved in a war," says the G.P.O. "In 1954 21.9 per cent of its population had telephones compared with 12.15 per cent in the United Kingdom and 27.73 per cent in Sweden, which was also neutral during the war. Installation of Britain's automatic long-distance system should be well under way by 1959."

Tranquillizing Rock

To my way of thinking, when the old family rocking chair went out of fashion the demand for tranquillizers came in. We should restore to fashion nature's own calmer, the rocking chair, and forget the need for drugs. —Mrs. D. V. Daines, Rectory Road, Pitsea, Basildon, Essex.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

Here's a situation demanding action. He can either throw his suit on the back of the chair, so that she will have to press it again tomorrow, or he can be ruthless and make room, thereby inflicting crushing damage on her frills and furbelows. If it's any consolation, artist Heseltine has been resigned to using the picture rail ever since he had to share his cupboard space with a wife *and* daughter. So why not hang it there just for tonight, Father? Then you can recall this scene when she brings out that hardy annual: "I haven't got a *thing* to wear to the party."

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

AT HEPWORTHS, THEY TAKE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN YOU!

Hepworths believe that careful measurement, followed by hand-cutting on a craftsman's bench, is only the beginning of personal tailoring. Through every separate stage a Hepworth suit is given individual attention—for no two suits are ever alike. Each finished garment is then examined in the closest detail and hand pressed before final delivery . . . yet even there, Hepworths responsibility does not end. After all, it takes a week or two of wear before a man and his clothes get to know one another, and if some imperfect detail does come to light, we are very anxious to hear about it—and put it right. An individually-made, hand-cut Hepworth suit costs only £7.19.6, or in pure wool worsted cloth £11.11.0 to £15.15.0, with all the refinements you wish. There is always a wonderful choice of materials available, and remember—every branch has also a complete ready-to-wear range tailored to exactly the same high standards.

Hepworths

Where the GOOD CLOTHES come from

YOU ARE NEVER FAR FROM A HEPWORTH BRANCH

TOOTAL REGD. makes a man . . .

with his PYRAMID* TRADE MARK

* THE TOOTAL HANDKERCHIEF FOR MEN AND WOMEN 1/9 to 3/3

(Give him some for Christmas)

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET MANCHESTER 1

He sent couriers of vengeance into defeated France from . . .

THE OFFICE OF SECRET WAR

Colonel Maurice Buckmaster tells his own thrilling story

THE voice of the general commanding the 50th Division was curt, but not unfriendly. "Yes, Buckmaster, what is it?"

"I wondered whether I might come in and see you for a moment, sir."

A pause was followed by the words: "Yes, come in."

It was a March day in 1941 and the 50th, to which I was the Intelligence Officer, was stationed in the south of England. An electric fire was burning in the general's office and he stretched his hands to it as he growled: "Well, Buckmaster, what's the trouble?"

"I don't exactly find this easy to say, sir."

"Come on, man, out with it."

"Well, sir, it's about the division's move to Libya. I believe that Italian's likely to be the language for prisoner interrogation there."

"That's the general idea, yes."

"I think you know, sir, that Italian's not really one of my languages and I'm sure you'd be better off with an I.O. who spoke it."

The general warmed his hands. "There might be something in that," he conceded at last, with a smile. "But assuming we get somebody else, what are we going to do with you? I suppose you've got some ideas on that too, eh?"

"I did have one or two thoughts. If, for instance, there were a post where my French could be of use. . . ."

"Like that Dakar show, what?"

I smiled wryly; even today I cannot recall the Dakar expedition, which had taken place the previous September, without some annoyance. Calculated to be the first sign that we had recaptured the spirit of offence, the combined operation to seize that West African naval base had been hardly impressive. My clearest memory of it is our sitting in the Bay of Rufisque and being bombarded and dive-bombed for twenty-four hours, as well as being torpedoed, without being able, owing to the strategic objective of the expedition, to return or parry the fire of the Vichy French whom we were seeking to recruit to our side. I had been deeply disappointed, too, at the touchiness of De Gaulle and some of his colleagues, who seemed to be more suspicious of England than aware of the purpose of the sortie.

I had been attached to the Dakar force simply because French-speaking officers were naturally at

Colonel Maurice Buckmaster was head of the French section of Britain's Special Operations Executive

JOHN BULL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Before she married, Yveline Girkins was working with S.O.E. as Colonel Buckmaster's secretary

Vera Atkins was an "indispensable" personal assistant to Buckmaster at his headquarters

Sir Charles Hambro talking to the Duchess of Gloucester. He was second in command of S.O.E. He told Buckmaster: "Move slowly . . ."

a premium. I must have allowed something of my strong feelings to become known to the general.

I said: "I wasn't exactly thinking of anything in that line again, sir."

"I understand," he said, grinning. "Look, I'm pretty pushed at the moment, with the division about to go overseas."

"I fully realize that, sir."

"Can you come up to London with me on Wednesday morning? I've got to pop into the War Office and you might care to be on hand."

"Thank you very much, sir."

I left feeling very much relieved. It may seem that I was taking a rather high-handed line in asking for a change simply because the 50th Division was going to an area which I did not greatly fancy, but I was keen to make the fullest use of whatever special qualifications I had. I have always loved France, and I lived there for many years before the war, first as a tutor to a small boy, later as a reporter on the French newspaper *Le Matin*, and finally as assistant manager of the Ford Motor Company: I was eager to serve Britain by helping France.

On Wednesday morning we drove in the general's car up to London. It was a London dented and buffeted by the bombardment she had suffered. Daylight raids were largely past, but the nights were still filled with the wailing of sirens and the explosion of bombs.

"Come on," said the general. "This is where we get out. I've got a meeting which will take about an hour. Meet me back here at eleven."

I walked away up Whitehall to Trafalgar Square. Of all the countries of Europe, England alone was free—free and alone. I shall never forget my deep pain when I thought of France in the grip of the Boches. I was with the 50th Division throughout the campaign which ended for me with Dunkirk—and for France with occupation. I thought of my many friends there and how they must be feeling.

PROMPTLY at eleven I was waiting for the general, who growled as he came down the steps: "Sorry to keep you waiting. Come along in."

He was a short man, inclined to be bandy-legged, and he strode along the passages of the War Office with a brisk determination while I followed him with long and persistent strides. We came to a field marshal's door. To my surprise he banged authoritatively on it with his swagger stick. "Come on," he said.

"Brought a young chap to see you," my general said to the field marshal. "Buckmaster—excellent fellow. Speaks French. Intelligence chap, you know." He rattled off several other maliciously flattering references and then suggested that the field marshal should find me a post. Politely, we were shown the door.

"On second thoughts," the general said when we were back in the passage, "you wouldn't want to work for him in any case."

We tried several others, including another field marshal. If our reception was courteous, my rejection was firm. I became dispirited and somewhat embarrassed. I suggested we persist no farther; I would go to Libya with the 50th.

"Nonsense! We wouldn't have you. There are lots more generals yet, my boy—lots."

"It's very kind of you, sir."

"Of course! I know the very man."

He set off at a great pace while I struggled to keep up with him. "First-rate fellow, this," he was mumbling. "He'll fix you up; you see."

A minute later I was being presented to yet another general. "Templer, I want you to meet a young officer of mine—Buckmaster."

"How do you do, sir?" I said.

General Templer listened attentively while

"I persuaded the Boches to let you go back

my general again retailed my abilities and my qualifications. This time, to my surprise, I was not so quickly rebuffed.

"You know something about intelligence work, Buckmaster?"

"A certain amount, sir."

"And your French is really good?"

"I think I could fairly say that, yes."

"We've recently formed a new organization to deal with something that sounds very much up your street—subversive warfare in France. They need an information officer. You sound the man for the job. How about it?"

"I'll have a shot," I said. . . .

The next day I reported to the headquarters of the French section of Special Operations Executive at 64 Baker Street. As I walked in through the plain entrance and rode in the lift up to the fifth floor, I wondered what my duties would be exactly. There was, I found, little exactness about the routine of this fledgeling organization.

"The fact is, Buckmaster," my commanding officer told me, "everything's highly embryonic here."

The bare office and the deserted atmosphere of the place confirmed this gloomy observation. The man on the other side of the desk was a civilian, whom we knew by his initials, H.M., and who had experience, as I had, of working in France. He seemed rather dispirited.

"The general idea," H.M. explained, "is to see what we can do about getting information

ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

to England," Lucie told Gaston. He said: "You fool, you silly little fool—what have you done?"

about occupied France. We want to find out what's going on there, what sort of targets we should concentrate on attacking—when we're in a position to attack them—and so forth."

"What sort of information is available?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Very little. There's hardly anything to go on."

"What about Secret Service reports?"

"Oh, no, we can't get hold of them."

"Well, what can we get hold of?" I demanded.

He smiled wanly. "That's for you to discover."

My elation at the new job was fast disappearing. I telephoned a colonel in the Intelligence Corps on the "scrambler" and asked him what the whole set-up was about.

"I'm not too clear myself, but I think the idea is to sabotage industrial installations in France which have been or might be put into service for Jerry," he said.

"This isn't a Secret Service affair then?"

"Heavens no, old boy, Special Operations."

"Well, what are we under? The War Office?"

"Doubt it. Ministry of Economic Warfare, I should think. I should try them."

I sat in the bare office with which I had been provided, staring into the empty wire "Out" tray. There was no "In" tray. It seemed to me that the best thing to do was to try and remember what I could about French factories which I had visited when I worked, between 1932 and 1936, for the Ford company of France. My information might be out-of-date, but at least it was information. . . .

One night in May, 1941, when I was night duty officer, responsible for security in the building, I heard somebody moving in the corridor outside my room. I went to investigate. A figure was standing in the doorway of one of the rooms. A voice said: "Good evening."

"Who are you?" I demanded. "What are you doing here?"

"My name's Hambro," he replied.

"Is it just? Would you kindly step in here?"

"Willingly." The stranger strolled past me into the bright room. "You seem to be cosy in here," he said, smiling.

"I'm sorry, but I must ask to see your identity papers."

I read the name "Sir Charles Hambro" and handed the papers back. "I still don't quite see. . . ."

"I happen to be the number two in this S.O.E. set-up," he informed me gently.

"I'm very sorry, sir, I had no idea."

"Ah!" He sat down in the armchair behind the desk. "What's all this?" he asked, looking puzzled at my researches in Bottin, an alphabetic thesaurus of French industry.

I attempted to show him the lines on which I was working.

"You're just doing this off your own bat, are you?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I am, yes. I thought that as information officer I had better try to get some information."

"What does this mean?" Sir Charles indicated a symbol against the name of a proprietor of a big motor-car plant.

"That means that I think the man will co-operate with us in any operation we might plan against his factory."

"And this?"

"Those factories are the ones likely to be producing war material for the Germans."

"And this?"

"There are likely to be collaborators there, sir."

"Well, well—this is all very interesting."

"I'm glad you think so, sir. You see, I've been rather working in the dark."

Sir Charles smiled. "We're very much in the first stages still," he explained. "You see, there's never been a situation quite like this before, and that means that it takes a long time to persuade people to see just what's needed. Churchill told us what our job is—it only remains to persuade the high-ups that we know how to go about it."

"What is our job, sir?" I asked. "I've never been told."

Sir Charles looked up and blinked mildly. "To set Europe ablaze," he said. "We've got a small nucleus in training already, including about ten men preparing to get back into France and see what it's all about. Naturally our information is very poor—apart from newspaper analyses and that sort of thing. The chiefs of staff are very keen to know what sort of active support we can hope for when we're ready to start going in again. That's why I was so interested in what you're doing; it ties in very well with the general scheme. The important thing is to move fairly slowly at first."

"We certainly seem to be doing that," I said.

Sir Charles said: "I know it seems slow, but there would be little point in encouraging rashness on the part of the French. We don't want a lot of people shot and repressive measures taken until the reasons for them are a sufficient compensation for any resulting fall in French civilian morale. What we want is co-ordinated action, and co-ordination takes a long time."

"All the same," I said, "the sooner we get somebody into France to take the temperature of the French, so to speak, the better we'll be able to plan future action."

Sir Charles nodded. "But these things take time," he said. "In nineteen-forty we had to concentrate on real essentials—defensive essentials. We're only just beginning to get our breath back."

"But why are our numbers so small? Surely there are plenty of Free French."

"We can't use the Free French. They've got their own set-up. That made recruiting a bit slow to start with—you see we can only use British citizens, to train as agents, who happen by some good chance to speak French like natives. Those people aren't so easy to find."

In the face of Sir Charles's quiet and logical exposition of the aims and difficulties of the organization I began to temper my criticisms of it. As we talked I became much better acquainted both with the tactical hazards and strategic objectives. I saw that the kind of analysis which I had been making could be extended, with the aid of Michelin guides and railway maps, to cover every aspect of French industry and communications. In order to know the most vulnerable length of line and the most easily blocked section of road, it would be necessary merely to turn up the relevant card in our index. The shape of future operations grew in my mind as my eyes sought to detect from the dry statistics the nerve-centres of enemy industrial and economic planning. . . .

In May, 1941, a solitary aircraft was reported to have dropped leaflets on a town in the centre of France. Leaflet raids were not very common

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Ah, but this fish was so silver, so grand. For such beauty any man would risk the evil in . . .

The Big Green River

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

I AM Mohammed Khan, and my home is in the hills behind Ambala, but all my life has been spent here in these jungles, and one day I will catch this monster fish I'm telling you about, which. . . .

Can you hear me above the rush of the river?

I suppose you youngsters would call me an old man—I must be about seventy—but I do not feel in the least old. Far from it. I can run and climb as well as ever. And besides, I have not yet done that which I want most to do, the dream of my life. . . .

In this river lives my fish. A *mahseer*, weighing more than a hundred pounds. Hundred and twenty perhaps. I have known this fish all my life, though of course I cannot be certain it is the exact same one each time, yet I think that it is. A dark and silver giant; may his shadow never grow less.

Look at the river there, as it roars out deep and fast from the gorge where those cormorants are sitting. In all that wild foam, with the coiling green glass underneath, that's where he'll be. Or anywhere up and down these rivers, of course. He descends sometimes to the plains and then back up into Himalaya. They climb the high streams at certain times, as you know.

When I was a little boy, my father—a great angler—was one day fishing at Mandinagar in Garhwal while I was playing with a stick and a tin on the shore. I had some tiny fish in the tin—they looked like pins—and I was going to tip them on the sand but he shouted, "*No!*"

He had a thick white beard, like mine is now, and even when he was angry and his eyes on fire, we boys could tell if he was smiling because the beard trembled. Though if you think you can tell with me, you are mistaken.

"Put them back in the river," he said, "and let them grow, so you may meet them again later throughout your life. You are not an ignorant *jungli* to waste the forest, our national birthright. Perhaps one of these fish is the fish of your life. He is small now, but he will grow as you do.

"Look, perhaps this one here will live to half-a-pound, and you will take him next year, just here, on fly. And that one? Maybe he'll go to five, and he'll be yours on spoon. This one and this one? When you are older, you will be spinning—using dead bait, live bait, or perhaps an enamel minnow like mine—and they will make fine sport for you. But one among them will live to be the fish of your life. Put them back in the river."

So I did, and next year in that very spot I killed a half-pounder on fly. I baked that fish there and then in hot ashes and, though it was burned outside and raw in, and the sand from my fingers got on it and gritted my teeth, it tasted delicious. This was very early in the morning, I remember, and, as the sun rose, the mist was coming off the burnished water like smoke. Best time of day for *mahseer*, before it gets too hot. There was a dark purple thrush in a tree silvery with dew.

My father and I made all our own tackle, and tied our own flies. We were not able to buy the beautiful things that are on sale for fishermen, though he once paid the letter-writer of our village to send for a catalogue, and we gazed at it together. It would have been nice to read what was written under the pictures, but we could not.

However, we saw how to fashion our things, and whenever we found a feather from a blue jay or peacock in the jungle, we kept it for the colour and shine. Once we used tiger hairs, the orange ones, and killed many trout in the fast water below the Chenar hatchery in Kashmir. We used paste too, *atta* flavoured with *haldi*.

My rod was first a plain length of bamboo, that didn't take to pieces, but afterwards I made a greenheart, and one of split cane. The smell of varnish always reminds me of it.

I made a new rod each year, and each one got bigger and bigger, with more and more line on the reel. Because, I thought, the largest fish I shall ever kill is growing too, and each year he gets stronger, and will take out more on his first rush.

SOON I began to think, how can I make certain that there is always a river in my life? So I took work as an orderly peon in the Forest Service.

Oh, it was a lovely life. I have seen such things. We camped always by a river. Sometimes the pools, though clear as air, were so full of small *mahseer*—one and two pounders—that you could not see the rippled sand but only a greenish movement of fish. And sometimes there would be a single great *goonch* as long as a man. If *he* gulps your live bait into his mouth full of bristles, he behaves like a boulder and you lose your tackle. Well, I have taken them all in my time—*mahseer*, trout and *rohu*.

I dare say some of the *chilwa* I had in my tin that first day got eaten by crocodiles, especially gharial crocodiles, who live entirely on fish, not like *muggers* who sometimes eat men. And some of those minnows from my tin no doubt got taken by poachers. As a strippling I once saw a jungle pool which had been poisoned with *kharar* berries by a tribe of

This crocodile was as big as the one that

Gonds or Bhils. Those wasteful savages! All the surface was afloat with dead fish, far more than were needed. The *junglis* had collected what they wanted, and left the rest to rot. Nowadays, of course, it is not *kharar* berries but dynamite stolen from road-making camps. Oh, I look on them with rage.

But if you say that perhaps my fish died that way, I can only tell you he did not.

He lived. He escaped ospreys and otters too. When that big fishing eagle coasted down the reaches, keeping his shadow off the water, *my* fish lay deep under the overhang of cliffs where those claws could not snatch him. When otters worked the pools, he lay in the rapids, among the pebbles, where he could not be seen.

He escaped the lures of other fishermen, the nets of poachers, and the mouths of his cannibal brethren. When the fishing cat dipped her delicate paw of needle claws stretching from pale pink flesh, into the sparkle, she took other fish, not mine.

He lived, for me, and once, when he weighed about fifty pounds, I had him in my hands.

As you know, when the winter snow melts in the high hills in March, snow water comes down the big rivers, and they turn cold and dirty and

Abdul shot—the one whose belly was full of human bones. When he saw me come bounding over the sands he rolled his eyes and opened his mouth

white as jade. You will never catch *mahseer* in flood water. They go up the small streams which have their sources lower down, and so are free of snow. Then, these little rivers may have fish in them out of all proportion to their size. Later, the fish return to their own waters and, if you are there at the time of one of these migrations, there is glorious sport to be had.

Well now, my fish must have gone up the little Haldupani river when the snow began to melt; and of course that time is followed by the hot weather, when the Haldupani dries right out, like so many other streams, and fish get caught in pools along its course. Then tiger tracks go down that *nullah*, in the dry sand, where during the monsoon there is flood.

My fish must have hesitated to try the run-out of his pool when it began to get shallow. He would naturally have withdrawn to the deeper water, but the overflow finally ceased to run at all, and so he was caught.

Then one day there was a forest fire. It heated up that pool till my fish rose gasping and was like to die.

We of the Forest Service put the fire out, and as I walked through black grassland, with the smell of charred trees in my nose, and my eyes half shut against smoke, I came to this pool.

There was a big fish in it, upside down and, as I thought, dead. I waded into the warm water and got my arms round him, but as I lifted him out he shuddered.

So I ran with him, half a mile through the ashes of the burned forest pulsing with sparks, to the big river. I waded into cool runs beyond boulders. There I placed him in the good water and held him right way up, facing the flow, so that the life-giving current could go through him, and he could revive, and I could catch him later in the proper way.

After a few minutes the gills heaved, and he began to breathe. In my hands, as I held him, I felt life return. All the long river-coloured body quickened. It began to wave. I felt it change from a dead fish into live muscle. Strong.

I loosened my hold just a little, and he glided out from between my palms and away through shimmer into the darkness of deep water.

That was years ago. I have never handled a *mahseer* of that size since, but I have seen them often.

I am going tomorrow, early in the morning, to try again. Though sometimes lately I have begun to think that I shall be getting old presently, and so perhaps I'll never catch him after all. I have been trying such a very long time.

When I told Salim Ali about my fish, he laughed at me for using the heavy tackle I do on the chance of killing that big one. It is true I often come home empty-handed as a result. If I fished light, he says, I would take more. Not big ones, but more of them. Perhaps he is right. Tomorrow I will take my light rod and try for those small ones at Runikund. . . .

Come all! Come, listen what happened this morning. . . .

My fish. . . .

A moment while I get my breath. . . .

No, no, I will not sit down. No, thank you.

Well then, I got to the river early, as I told you, at the pool we call Runikund. It was just light, with mist. Monkeys were arriving for their morning drink, and I heard a tiger going off up into the hills, far away.

I looked at the river, and I decided to try a small flyspoon in the race at the head between smooth rock. I had with me this rod which I made myself of bamboo, and a hundred yards of

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Every girl's dream figure—£50 a week

by DON EVERITT

Margaret Brown has it. She will pose on ice or up to her neck in fish—with nothing to comfort her but the money

Against the wall of an airline office Margaret Brown models for a fashion photograph. She has brilliant red hair—and the right dimensions

FOR an hour the fashion photographer manoeuvred the black cat and Margaret Brown around the set in his London studio. At last he found the ideal pose. He balanced Miss Brown side-saddle on a broom with her legs outstretched. With the cat tucked underneath her arm she adopted a nonchalant air.

The photographer focused his camera. He told his assistant to switch on a large fan to blow Miss Brown's hair and create the impression of bewitched flight. But the sudden wind made the cat take flight, knocking Miss Brown from her perch as it scratched a frantic path across her bare shoulders.

This happened several times in the next hour and a half. Then the cat got accustomed to the fan, and near the end of a three-hour session the photographer took his picture.

Thanks to the cat, an hour's assignment had stretched into a full morning's work and brought for Margaret Brown a basic fee of seven guineas. "For such payment," she says, "one can bear a few scratches." A little later she received further balm: the pictures appeared on giant hoardings in London streets, earning for her an additional poster fee of fifteen guineas.

At twenty-one, Miss Brown, a youthfully assertive Birmingham girl who talks in fast, clipped sentences, is one of the West End's leading fashion models. She appears widely in newspaper and magazine fashion features and in printed and televised advertisements. Her earnings currently average between £40 and £50 a week. Sometimes she does very much better.

Into one day not long ago she crammed five jobs. Between nine and ten in the morning she posed in South Kensington in a bride's going-away dress to be featured in a magazine. From ten thirty to eleven thirty she wore beach clothes in a Strand studio. Half an hour later she was modelling summer dresses for a photographer in Marylebone.

She ate a sandwich lunch in a taxi taking her to West Cromwell Road, Kensington, for a two-hour engagement to model jewellery. At four o'clock she was back in Central London being photographed for a cosmetics advertisement. The day's work grossed for her £20.

Another recent commission took her to her home town to pose amid a bunch of chrysanthemums for a magazine cover picture. For this her agent computed her fee from the train's early morning departure for Birmingham. That evening when she stepped back on to the platform at Euston she had earned, not forgetting the special cover-picture fee, thirty-five guineas.

As Miss Brown herself says: "Modelling is the highest paid job for a girl in London."

Success at modelling depends on a girl's natural assets. Margaret Brown is well endowed physically. She has brilliant red hair, grey-green eyes and an attractive, expressive face. Her make-up hides an abundance of freckles and to improve the line of her upper teeth she has caps on the two front incisors. Unlike several other models she has had no need of plastic surgery to improve her nose.

Five feet six and a half inches tall, she weighs eight stone ten pounds. Her bust measures thirty-five inches, her waist twenty-three, her hips thirty-six.

"She's most fortunate in having the right dimensions plus a good shape," says a fashion

With photographer Alex Sterling, Miss Brown made a tour of Europe. Often she flies to Paris to spend the weekend

At Monte Carlo, Miss Brown poses for a magazine. She frequently models bathing suits and beach clothes, but never corsets. "It just isn't done by fashion models," she says

For half an hour Miss Brown posed in a goldfish pool at the Lugano home of Baron von Thyssen and his wife, the former model Fiona Campbell-Walter

photographer. "So many top models have coat-hanger figures." A model needs attractive hands, too: Miss Brown's have won Annigoni's admiration. At a recent meeting the artist said that he would like her to pose for him.

Modelling calls for some acting talent. The model has to be able to slip into any pose or mood the photographer wants. Alex Sterling, a photographer who frequently hires Miss Brown, says: "Margaret has the ability to look the aloof, sophisticated, elegant high-fashion model and a minute later to assume some animated commercial pose to advertise, say, a bowl of soup. This is why she's so much in demand."

Modelling divides broadly into two categories: live and photographic. Most girls specialize in one or the other. Miss Brown does occasionally appear in fashion shows but prefers photographic work because it pays better.

She poses frequently in swimming and beach clothes but rarely in underwear and never in corsets. "It just isn't done by fashion models," she says. It seems that the underwear and corsetry division of the profession has a hard time finding recruits, though the rates of pay are high.

Miss Brown spends about seventy per cent of her working hours modelling clothes, and the rest modelling for a range of commodities which has included shampoos, typewriters, jewellery, baby powders, soft drinks and motor-cars. She has a highly commercial attitude to her work. "I don't believe in sticking just to high fashion. I want to make money; therefore I take all the work I can cope with."

Evelyn Gordine, Miss Brown's agent who takes ten per cent of all her earnings, says: "Margaret is the most businesslike model I know. An agent has to treat many girls like children. She tells them that a three o'clock appointment is at two thirty so that they arrive on time. But not Margaret.

"From the start she intended to succeed. As soon as she took up the work she appointed an accountant. When she did some modelling in the Italian Dolomites, she insured herself against a loss of earnings of £30 a week in case she had an accident on the ski-ing slopes."

Miss Brown's fees for her services are three guineas for the first hour and then, according to the type of work, three or two guineas for each succeeding hour. A model at a live fashion show of two or three hours earns eight guineas. Certain photographic jobs, for posters and show cards for instance, produce additional fees.

Against her high earnings, Miss Brown, through her accountant, claims high expenses. Photographers, she says, expect a model to have an extensive, expensive and up-to-date wardrobe, with jewellery, shoes, handbags and other accessories. Cosmetics and hairdressing bills, taxi and other fares also appear prominently on Miss Brown's income tax returns.

Many girls adopt exotic names when they become models, but Miss Brown, whose full name is Margaret Ann Bissett Brown, decided that the plainer her name the better she would be remembered.

She came to London two years ago, leaving a job with a Birmingham jeweller's to take a course in floristry. She turned to modelling when she found that young florists earned only £6 a week.

Miss Gordine, her agent and head of the school which taught her how to model, says that she knew Miss Brown was a "natural" as soon as they met. After the twenty-five guinea, six-week training course, Miss Brown called on the fashion and advertising photographers and left with them photographs of herself. With Miss Gordine constantly pushing her new protégé, engagements for what she calls "this rare natural redhead" began to flow in.

In little more than a year, Miss Brown has moved from impecuniosity to the surtax bracket and can afford flying weekend trips to Paris.

A model needs elegant hands. Miss Brown's have been admired by the artist Annigoni

According to her, the one characteristic that modelling demands above all others is patience. "Some photographers take hours setting a model in a satisfactory pose. Others, instead, take just as long shooting innumerable pictures from which they then choose the best. Either way a girl sometimes has to fix the mounting guineas firmly in her mind to keep her temper."

For a trick double-exposure photograph on one of the rare occasions when Miss Brown modelled underwear, she had to stand on one spot for ninety minutes. For a make-up advertisement she had to appear asleep—and the session took so long that she fell asleep.

On location in a village in the Italian Dolomites a photographer told her to lie in the centre of a frozen fountain. She lay there till her clothes stuck to the ice.

Miss Brown's experience has proved—as she suspected before she became a model—that all is not what it seems in the worlds of fashion and advertising. The dress which she wears so becomingly in an advertisement often fits her by virtue of pegs gathering together loose material at her back.

In one filmed advertisement, Margaret Brown, spinster, demonstrated the virtues of a baby powder. For the occasion she had two babies, one spare in case the other disgraced himself.

Once, a cameraman insisted that for authenticity she had to drink an advertiser's fruit juice. He had a little difficulty in getting the picture he wanted. "I must have drunk a gallon before we completed the job." THE END

FOSTERING'S FOLLY

by ***CLIVE BURNLEY***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD C. ROSE

"You must be Lord Oxeter," the smooth American blonde said to the caretaker. Then the fun began

AMBROSE FOSTERING always maintained that his descent into crime was brought about by sheer good nature. He hated to disappoint people, and when the American girl said, "You must be Lord Oxeter," he knew that she would be hurt if he wasn't. He felt sorry for the highly photogenic young woman, brought up in a country where she had been starved of princelings. Naturally she wanted to meet live lords to tell her friends about when she got back to Massachusetts, and he thought it only common courtesy that he should help her.

At that time Ambrose was in sole charge of the large and decaying mansion of Ebstow Court as agent for its owner, Lord Oxeter. Until lately his lordship had been an unsuccessful and highly impecunious barrister, but now the accident of inheritance had ennobled him and invested him with this apparently magnificent property. How proudly in the first flush of what he believed to be his good fortune had his Lordship contemplated the great building. For

"Swell!" cried Pop. "Twenty five thousand pounds it is. Now if you just write a short note. . . ." Ambrose gasped. Impersonation, theft—and now forgery

weeks, thinking himself no longer in need of miracles, he had neglected his football pools.

Only slowly had he realized the truth; that Ebstow Court was architecturally an offence, historically a cipher, and in every practical way an encumbrance. Anyone who could afford it—and such people were few—could afford better. Lord Oxeter offered it in all quarters at progressively lower prices with uniform lack of success. He could make nothing out of it at all except a pound per acre per annum for the grazing rights in the park.

But whatever it was, white elephant or worse, Ebstow Court had to be protected from those who knew how to dispose of the lead flashings from its roof or the gilt frames from the long gallery—the pictures themselves were not worth stealing. Nobody in Stoke Lamberville wanted the job, not because the house was haunted but because they got better money at the boot factory at Maryworth.

AMBROSE, however, chanced to be at a loose end, staying under his mother's roof at Friday Green and marking time while he pondered ways of turning to account a small but cheerful pile of savings and a flair for floriculture. For he was green-fingered, having that subtle instinct which made him aware of the needs of all leaved and rooted things, although you would not have suspected that this large and slab-shouldered young man with the strong-featured face possessed any talent so delicate.

Now, to fill a gap and pass the time, Ambrose had agreed to sleep in Ebstow Court and generally keep an eye on the place until Lord Oxeter could find a more suitable caretaker—or, if he were lucky, a purchaser. He shared the sombre mansion with the mice in the wainscoting, the starlings that every now and again flew down chimneys, and on two afternoons a week with Miss Lily Lancaster, a girl who came in from a firm at Maryworth to repair some of the soft furnishings, which Lord Oxeter hoped could be sold separately. She and Ambrose took picnic teas on the terrace together.

Neglected and forlorn as the big house was, Ambrose could yet imagine how sympathy and great expenditure might revitalize it. He would sometimes stroll under the great cedars in the park, choosing positions for the tennis courts and the rose garden or the ornamental pools with fountains and goldfish. And it was on one such expedition that he came upon the Americans.

There were three of them: a squarely built man with a sallow, heavy-jawed face, wearing a palm-beach shirt; a plump and matronly woman, probably his wife, wearing pink spectacles. And the girl.

The girl had shining, silky blonde hair and the kind of beauty upon which it was clear that no pains had been spared. It was a meticulous, precise kind of loveliness, nowhere untidy. Ambrose had the impression that hours had been spent upon each eyelash.

When Ambrose discovered these three, they were sharing a civilized kind of picnic, with folding chairs and tables, within arm's reach of their gigantic, chromium-fanged automobile, which was parked under the catalpa tree at the edge of the *pinetum*, within two hundred feet of the house and a quarter of a mile on the wrong side of the notice which said PRIVATE.

"Are you aware," said Ambrose, with just the right touch of asperity, "that you are trespassing?"

Now Ambrose had, what is unusual in the young, that indefinable quality called Presence. The illusion he created was added to rather than otherwise by the fact that he was wearing a second-hand pair of riding breeches and a smooth cap. None of the picnickers suspected for a moment that they were being addressed by an unemployed wholesale seedsman who had never ridden a handy hunter in his life.

"Well, sir," said the man, "the fact is, we

The proposal Ambrose had made was both illicit and a good leg-pull. So Nicko readily agreed to it

just couldn't resist the look of that fine old house of yours."

He waved his hand at the Georgian imitation of an Italian imitation of a Roman adaptation of a Greek original, which was nevertheless older than the Declaration of Independence—the façade of Ebstow Court, which the kind creeper was slowly covering. Although the older man, he had addressed Ambrose as "sir"; he had spoken of this house "of yours." The tone of the conversation had been set.

Ambrose, of course, did not know it, but these visitors had taken the trouble, for reasons later apparent, to find out a great deal, although not quite enough, about Ebstow Court. They knew, for example, that Lord Oxeter had recently succeeded to the property, a fact which suggested to them, quite falsely, that he was a young man. It was then only the simplest deduction which caused the girl to say a few minutes later, with great confidence: "You must be Lord Oxeter."

Ambrose hesitated. He could not bring himself to deny it categorically, and it was instantly taken as proven.

What did it matter, anyway? The idea obviously pleased the girl. And Ambrose flattered himself that he could give these amiable tourists a kinder impression of the owner of a stately home than could the genuine Lord Oxeter, who was middle-aged, dyspeptic, and uncertain-tempered as a result of the strain of keeping £10 tastes in the strait-jacket of a 10s. income.

Ambrose decided to make the most of the opportunity. "I have to go down to the village," he told them, "but if you're still here when I come back—in about half an hour—perhaps you'd like me to show you over the house?"

The Americans were delighted by such noble condescension.

So Ambrose went to the village and directly into the public bar of the Oxeter Arms, where Nicko Finch, potman to old Mrs. Courtfoot, who held the licence, was polishing glasses just before midday closing time.

Nicko had a bald and beamy head and a mild and soggy eye. He had been the neatest poacher in the village when there had been any game preserved in the parish; but now that the old régime had passed locally and you could pretty well shoot what you liked he had lost interest.

For Nicko to enjoy anything, it had to be illicit; he was always ready to serve after time. Men he judged entirely on their sense of humour; he had an enormous faith in a rite called the Leg-Pull and condemned out of hand any mean-spirited individual who could not laugh as loudly as his tormentors while being subjected to it.

On both grounds—that it was illicit and a pretty good limb-stretcher too—he was ready enough to agree to the proposal Ambrose made to him. He therefore changed into his dark suit, took the key he was given, and set off on his bicycle to ride round to the back of Ebstow Court by Pottery Lane.

"You both ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said Mrs. Courtfoot, who had overheard the plot, disapprovingly. "And don't you be late back, Nicko. We've got that dart-match."

IN due course Ambrose met his guests where he had left them, and after casually explaining that the house was empty, apart from his man Finch, and had been shut up for some time—he himself preferred the place in Hereford or the castle in Scotland—he led them to the porch, where his accomplice opened the studded door.

"Good afternoon, me lord," said Finch.

"Finch," said Ambrose, "we have some American visitors who wish to see the house. Will you arrange refreshments of some kind in about an hour's time in the Peacock Room?"

"Yes, me lord," said Nicko. "Certainly, me lord . . . the Peacock Room?"

"Don't be a fool, Finch—the one with peacocks carved on the wall."

"Ah, yes," said Finch. He added, to the Americans: "Proper maze, this place. I remember when the third parlourmaid was lost for three days in the east wing and if——"

"That will do, Finch," said Ambrose.

"Yes, me lord," said Finch.

Ambrose led his party into the dim and dusty apartments of Ebstow Court. He enjoyed himself, and so, it seemed, did they. As such things occurred to him, he pointed out beds Queen Elizabeth slept in, portraits of ancestors, the haunts of family ghosts, and all sorts of portable property which had belonged to Napoleon or the Black Prince or other noteworthy characters.

The older woman found everything lovely, cute, or so very historical, and said so repeatedly; her daughter, whose name turned out to be Cora, smiled at it all, and particularly at Ambrose.

The man, however, it was difficult to be sure about. He could preserve a dead-pan face whenever it suited him. He seemed vaguely cynical about the Rembrandt, and it wasn't quite clear what he meant when he asked if the solitary withered fruit on the mantel

Continued on page 32

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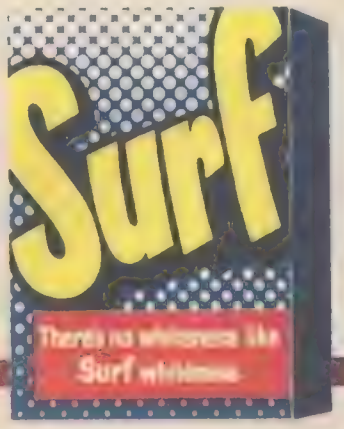

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A *LEVER* PRODUCT

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

British judo clubs have 30,000 members, many of them women. At the Budokwai Club, Kensington, national coach Geoffrey Gleeson watches a contest

Torture with a smile

by ROBERT HOLLES

First a polite bow, then the judo begins—with a courteous routine of throwing, twisting and choking

LONG before dawn on an icy morning in January, 1956, Geoffrey Gleeson, national coach to the British Judo Association, arrived at the Budokwai Club in Kensington after walking four miles through deserted London streets. In company with thirty of the club's members he changed into a loose-fitting white cotton jacket and trousers. "Most of the members had been practising on the previous evening," he says, "and their judo kit was stiff with frozen perspiration."

At a word from Gleeson his shivering companions paired off, bowed, and began to engage each other briskly in combat. A policeman, suspecting burglars, looked in and retired, astonished. He had witnessed a session of the club's winter course, held over a period of a week in the worst possible conditions and designed to develop character and formulate self-will among the club's more advanced members. During the week the boilers burst and the contestants were obliged to finish the sessions with cold showers. "By the last day of the course," says Gleeson, "the attendance had shrunk by about a half."

British judo, firmly based on the ethical foundations of the sport as practised in Japan, is a robust exercise with a cultural aim. Says Gleeson: "The idea is to develop personality through friendly combat. Judo is a great leveller and chastiser."

The British Judo Association, formed in 1948 to handle a rapidly growing interest in the sport, claims a total of more than four hundred affiliated clubs in Britain, and a membership of 30,000, of whom one thousand are women.

Since 1950, the government-sponsored Central Council of Physical Recreation has included judo in its curriculum and organized courses at four centres. *Judoka*—adherents to the sport—are drawn from many walks of life. The membership of the Budokwai, headquarters of the sport in Britain, includes a peer, a senior Queen's Counsel, a B.B.C. executive, and a top-grade woman civil servant. One member travels from Edinburgh for advanced training; another, who owned a shoe shop in Dublin, sold his business to live in London and train regularly at the club.

Judo—"the way of gentleness"—applies the principle of maximum efficiency to unarmed methods of attack and defence. Contests are resolved when a competitor throws his opponent, holds him in a fixed position for thirty seconds, or forces a "submission," signified by the tap of the loser's hand. Beginners wear a white belt during a contest. With greater proficiency they progress through the junior grades of yellow, orange, green, blue, and brown belt. From brown belt there is a large step up to black belt, and gradings ascend from there by "dans." In Britain 120 performers have reached the black belt grade, of whom eight are women.

Since the formation of the B.J.A., clubs have sprouted in cities, towns and villages. During a recent tour Gleeson found them accommodated in disused chapels, haylofts, warehouses and abandoned sheds, and once, on an indoor cricket pitch. While he was instructing at a temporary clubroom above a public house, a club member was hurled through a matchboard wall.

At a London club, Gleeson noticed that the floorboards under the mats were rotten. When they were taken up, they were found to conceal a thirty-foot well. The secretary of a newly formed club applied for the use of the local church hall. "He was informed by the church hall committee," says Gleeson, "that they considered it improper for a Buddhist sect to practise its rites in a Christian building."

Newcomers to the sport are taught the art of relaxed falling as a preliminary to the competitive techniques of throwing, choking, holding the opponent down, and bending or twisting his arms and legs. "The risk of accidents," says Gleeson, "is no greater than that in any other vigorous sport, but fear among beginners which makes their bodies stiff can sometimes result in injuries during the first year of training."

Enthusiasm among novices often leads to over-exuberance, and Gleeson tries to provide all clubs with an instructor of adequate experience.

Only twenty per cent of applicants for judo training stay for long enough to gain a useful knowledge of the art, which requires hard work and constant practice. After a week's course of judo at a C.C.P.R. centre at Lilleshall, Shropshire, one of his pupils told Gleeson, "I've just discovered the method of turning fifty-one weeks of the year into a holiday."

One man, invalided from the army with rheumatic fever, took up the sport to improve his health. He progressed so rapidly that within

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RAFFLES and the doctor's defence

by ***BARRY PEROWNE***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Lovely lady, flashing diamonds, clever ruse. But when the pretty swindler interfered with romance—well, we simply had to take a hand

On our fourth day in Funchal, A. J. Raffles and myself, Bunny Manders, thought it politic to leave our cards at the British Consulate. "One never knows, Bunny," Raffles remarked, as we strolled away along the narrow, animated street, "when such an act of simple civility may result in something to our advantage."

Pink and white *quintas*, or villas, dotted the mountainsides which framed the attractive Madeiran capital. A white liner was steaming slowly into the tranquil bay below.

"All very beguiling, Raffles," I said. "On the other hand, in coming here on the off-chance of some lucrative adventure among the wealthy English winter colony, have we in fact merely marooned ourselves? I——"

"Surely," a voice exclaimed, "it's Raffles and Manders?"

We paused. A passing *carro* had trundled to a standstill on the cobblestones of the street, and a slender, grey-haired man was alighting with twinkling eyes and outstretched hand.

"Albany Bryce!" Raffles exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I?" said Bryce, who was a member of a club we belonged to in London. "I'm the consul, my dear fellows. How odd to see you today! There's another club member on his way in at this very moment. D'you know young Hal Nares?"

"Certainly," Raffles said. "Medical chap. Very good sort."

"He's the ship's doctor aboard that liner just coming into the bay," said Bryce, "the Karroo Star, from Cape Town for Tilbury, calling at Funchal here and Lisbon. She'll be here for a couple of days." His eyes twinkled away at us. "Poor Nares is in love. He looked me up here, on the outward voyage, and it was quite touching to hear him rhapsodize about a pretty stewardess aboard called Ellen Ames. A romance fraught with difficulties—ship's doctor and stewardess—as the captain takes a stern line on affairs of that nature among his ship's people."

He took out his watch and glanced at it. "I'm due down at the Pontinha mole when the ship drops her hook. I've things to see to aboard her, and I'm curious to know how young Nares's affair has developed. Look here, are you doing anything tonight? Where are you staying. . . ? Ah, good. Then I'll call for you and we'll dine together. I'll try to bring young Nares with me. Forgive me now, I really must rush along to the office."

He resumed his seat and the oxen moved off.

"Decent old stick, Albany Bryce," Raffles said, as we walked on. "His invitation suits our book very well, Bunny. We'll pump him for chapter and verse on the whole winter colony."

The agreeable consul turned up that evening without the doctor of the Karroo Star.

"I gathered," Bryce told us, "that he hardly likes to come ashore, enjoying himself, unless Stewardess Ames can get liberty, too. Circumstances remain very tiresome for them aboard, I'm afraid."

In the Casino, the evening's gaming was at its height. Raffles and I strolled with Bryce through the opulent rooms. As we had hoped, the consul pointed out to us various persons of consequence in the winter colony.

"Take particular note of the bald fellow there," he said, lowering his voice as we paused at one of the roulette tables. "That's Lord Ivor Skene, one of the most important members of the British colony here." He added: "Skene's a bachelor, but I've noticed he has a nice taste for the feminine."

A parchment-faced man in his fifties, Lord Ivor Skene certainly had a most striking companion seated beside him. Her fair hair, her shapely shoulders glimmering through a foam of chiffon, her light, vivid eyes, the diamond-blue sparkle of her ear-rings, all made her a figure of unusual brilliance.

Skene was whispering to her. Evidently he was giving her roulette counsel, for she was placing small towers of gold here and there about the squared green baize.

"A Mrs. Gilbert," Bryce confided. "Casilda Gilbert. Not a resident. Came in on the Karroo Star and going to Tilbury. That's her husband on her other side, a Major Glyn Gilbert."

The husband, a middle-aged man with a military moustache and greying hair, had a smile that turned downwards rather mirthlessly. He lacked his wife's brilliance.

The croupier spun the wheel and deftly flicked the ball into it. "*Nada vai mais*," he intoned.

"I believe the Gilberts dined at Skene's villa this evening," Bryce murmured. "An unusual honour for such slight acquaintances." He added: "Some worthy residents sitting yonder keep catching my eye. Won't you come and meet them?"

"If you don't mind," Raffles said, "I'd like to take a flutter at this table. What d'you say, Bunny?"

I nodded and smiled, but the blood began to pound in my temples as I spotted what had prompted the mood Raffles had mentioned. In the heat of suspense, as the wheel slowed and the ball hopped capriciously from slot to slot, Casilda Gilbert put back her chiffon scarf, disclosing a dazzle of fine blue diamonds set in a necklace of delicate gold filigree.

The winning hazards were called the next moment, and Mrs. Gilbert's slim fingers positively seized on the stacks of coins pushed across the baize to her by the black rakes of the croupiers.

"*Fazem seus jogos*," said the man at the wheel.

His eyes were on Mrs. Gilbert, but she would have none of it. Having won, she tucked the bank's money away exultantly in

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Looking her most brilliant, Casilda Gilbert was seated on one of the bunks. "What *is* this information?" she demanded

Inside a Hastings aircraft scientists do research work during a flight. They deliberately fly into hazards that other planes take care to avoid

Sky high for tomorrow's weather

by JACK FOSTER

With flights into the stratosphere scientists find clues of storms to come, and help to rob the clouds of danger

TWENTY thousand feet over the South Coast there was nothing to warn meteorologist Gordon Durbin of the trouble to come. The Canberra aircraft flew among cotton-wool cloud in a bright blue sky.

"Go down to eight thousand and we'll make for home," he told the pilot on the intercom. On reconnaissance from the Meteorological Research Flight at Farnborough, Hampshire, Durbin had obtained information which the forecasters needed about temperature, humidity and cloud formation.

At thirteen thousand feet the cloud was thick and it was snowing, and at eight thousand the plane ran into a heavy storm cloud. Hail began to clatter against the plane, and as it flew straight for the core of the cloud at 250 knots, there was a vivid flash. The plane had been struck by lightning.

Durbin and his pilot were no worse for their ordeal. "The aircraft acted as a metal case and we were quite safe," he says. But the spark travelled along the skin of the Canberra, burned electrical instruments and bored a small hole in the Perspex nose. Repairs and a rigorous check of electrical equipment kept the aircraft out of action for several weeks.

It was the second occasion on which Durbin's plane had been struck by lightning. In 1954 a Hastings in which he was flying was struck. "One of our meteorological observers buckled on his parachute and rushed for the escape hatch ready to jump," he says.

Durbin and six other scientists attached to the Meteorological Research Flight often fly deliberately into conditions which other planes avoid. In a Canberra, a Hastings and a Varsity, converted into flying laboratories, the scientists are flown as high as fifty thousand feet and as low as twenty feet above the sea, investigating the behaviour of the atmosphere. Averaging about a hundred hours' flying a year each, they are used to taking meticulous readings in difficult conditions.

Occasionally airline pilots report severe bumping when flying in apparently clear air. The Meteorological Research Flight is investigating this phenomenon, which is known as clear air turbulence, and which has the same effect on a passenger as riding over cobblestones in a car. "We hope to determine when and where turbulence occurs, so that pilots will know what conditions to avoid," says Durbin.

Flying in a cumulo-nimbus cloud, a type of heavy storm cloud, is equally uncomfortable. Hit by a down current, a plane in which Durbin was flying recently was forced down several hundred feet in a few seconds. "The meteorological instruments jumped from the table and for a couple of seconds everything was suspended in mid-air," he says. "We have to fly into these clouds to find out how they are composed and, with strong air currents mixing inside, we often get a bad shaking."

Flying the meteorologists is sometimes unnerving for the pilots who are loaned to the flight by the R.A.F. at Farnborough.

Norris Helliwell, a stocky Yorkshireman who does most of the high-level investigations, had a sharp reminder of his pilot's difficulties during a trip in the flight's Canberra in December, 1955. Fifty thousand feet over Yorkshire, Helliwell had to take a photograph of a condensation trail made by a second Canberra. He was compiling data about the atmospheric conditions which cause condensation trails.

Helliwell stood up awkwardly in his little laboratory at the rear of the Canberra. He told his pilot to tilt the plane towards the other Canberra and, hampered by flying-suit, oxygen equipment, heavy gloves, earphones, a Mae West and a zero temperature, he focused clumsily.

The planes were a hundred feet apart and moving slightly together at 400 knots. Helliwell's pilot called to him over the intercom to take the picture quickly. "Otherwise we'll crash in a minute," the pilot warned.

The condensation trail came into the viewfinder of Helliwell's heavy, wide-angle camera, his shutter clicked—and the planes veered apart.

All the flying scientists are taught to use parachute, ejector seat and rubber dinghy. "We have never needed them, but there have been near-emergencies," says Durbin.

During a flight in the Hastings a few years ago, a technician named Michael Tomlinson decided

to check electrical wiring in the nose of the plane. To reach it he had to descend through a trap door into the escape hatch and crawl up below the pilot's cockpit. As he wriggled through the trap door the plug of his headphones jerked out of his pocket. From a seat behind the trap door engineer John Maddon saw that the plug had caught on a lever which would release the escape hatch. If Tomlinson crawled on, the plug would drag the lever over, the escape hatch would be jettisoned and Tomlinson with it.

Maddon lifted Tomlinson up by the straps of his parachute and held him for several seconds while another observer released the plug.

"Maddon is not much bigger than Tomlinson. To this day he doesn't know how he managed to hold him there," says Durbin.

Once an observer arranged for an early morning flight with an R.A.F. pilot to calibrate the altimeter on the Hastings. With the altimeter reading fifty feet the Hastings was to make a number of flights over a hut where a series of photographs would be taken. From these, any error in the instrument could be calculated.

The pilot was a wing commander noted for his punctuality, so the observer reached the plane in good time. At the appointed minute they took off and came in for the first flight. Then the wing commander said: "I suppose the photographer is there. We didn't check."

They alerted the control tower to make sure, and a man was sent two hundred yards to the hut. The photographer was not there. A greatly annoyed wing commander brought the Hastings in. The photographer explained later that he had looked out of his bedroom window, decided that there would be no flying on such a murky morning and returned to bed.

Because of the strain to which the three research planes are subjected, they have a day's inspection every fortnight and a major survey after every two hundred hours' flying.

The most rigorous check cannot forestall every instrument failure. After a plane had left Farnborough for work over Iceland, a pin sheared on the hygrometer, an instrument measuring humidity, and was repaired at Kinloss in Scotland. Over Iceland the pin sheared again and the plane had to return to Farnborough with the tests uncompleted. Several hundred miles' flying had been wasted.

More recently the auto-observer, which checks the scientists' readings of height, speed, time, temperature and turbulence, iced up on the Canberra.

"It wasn't surprising, because at fifty thousand feet the temperature outside the plane is fifty below zero," says Durbin. "We fitted a ten-watt electric bulb in the bomb bay near the auto-observer, and it was enough to prevent the instrument icing again."

Because of the rigours of their job, the scientists must undergo a strict medical examination. Helliwell was found to be suffering from a nasal blockage, and had it removed before flying. In the air it could have been painful. Durbin was grounded for two months after he suffered some mysterious stomach trouble. Air sickness occasionally affects the most experienced members of the flight, and none is allowed to fly with a cold, for he would be unable to clear his ears.

Research flying began in Britain in the late 1930s, when meteorologists found that from a knowledge of how temperature and humidity varied with height, they could forecast the cloud structure for the coming day.

In the early war years, a series of reconnaissance flights was established to provide better forecasts, and a few research scientists were attached to a high-altitude flight at Boscombe Down to work on problems of icing and condensation trails.

Their first difficulty was finding an instrument to measure temperature reliably from an aircraft. The speed of the aircraft made a mercury thermometer impracticable. Eventually the scientists devised a thermometer based on the fact that the electrical resistance of a piece of wire changes rapidly with temperature. The thermometer consisted basically of very thin platinum wire wound on a mica former, and was mounted under the nose of the plane. It measured temperature to within half a degree Centigrade at speeds of up to 200 knots, and to within two degrees at up to 500 knots.

This thermometer and a simple hygrometer were the chief tools of the Meteorological Research Flight when it was established at Farnborough in 1946. "Since then instrumentation has become far more complex," says Robert Murgatroyd, senior principal scientific officer now in charge of the flight. "The field of research has widened and instruments have become more specialized. We can now measure all types of nuclei and dust particles, the chemical constituents of the atmosphere, the composition of clouds, rainfall mechanism, turbulence and electrical effects."

MURGATROYD'S work is now mainly on the ground, designing instruments which will work accurately in extreme conditions, and analysing the results of research flights.

Gordon Durbin and his colleagues make reconnaissance flights on most mornings to make observations at various heights. This information is teleprinted to Dunstable and helps the forecasters to work with greater accuracy.

Durbin, a wiry, cheerful Welshman who is Murgatroyd's deputy, moved to Farnborough more than four years ago. After six years as an assistant in meteorological stations, he spent four years at Cardiff University, graduating with an honours degree in physics. Then he moved back into the Meteorological Office as a scientific officer.

One of his proudest claims is that last winter he made it snow. There was snow on the ground but it was not snowing when he took off from Farnborough. At various points to the South Coast he dropped solid carbon dioxide pellets into the clouds, hoping that they would cool the clouds and produce ice crystals which would drop out as snow.

Back at Farnborough, he telephoned police stations and post offices between Farnborough and Southampton, told them what he had been doing and asked whether it had snowed. "Three out of eight places had had snow," he says. "They weren't altogether pleased about it—but apparently my experiment worked." THE END

Scientists who fly have frequent medical tests. For an hour Durbin's reactions in a compression chamber are noted by doctors

Gordon Durbin makes reconnaissance flights on most mornings. As a relaxation he works in his garden, watched by his wife and two children

Greek Fire

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Wanted for murder! Vanbrugh saw the net closing in. Now only Anya could help him—and she was still weeping for the victim

VANBRUGH watched with sick apprehension as Angelos Vyro picked up the newspaper from the newly printed pile. The headline took up nearly half the front page. In black print of enormous size were the words: LASCOU ASSASSINATED.

A short time before, Vanbrugh had watched, powerless to intervene, as George Lascou died. He had gone to Lascou's flat to recover papers stolen from a Spanish woman, Maria Tolosa. But Maria had gone there, too, secretly—to kill George Lascou. She was certain that Lascou was guilty of the murder of her husband, Juan.

Lascou was the leader of E.M.O., a political party contesting the Greek elections. Juan Tolosa, a dancer, had come to Athens with a secret to sell, a secret that could wreck Lascou: papers that showed that he had been a card-carrying Communist. Vanbrugh wanted those papers. With them he could expose Lascou's plan to swing Greece into the Eastern bloc.

But Vanbrugh could not think only of politics: He was in love—with Anya Stonaris, the beautiful confidante of George Lascou. And Anya was bound to believe that he was a murderer.

He was in desperate trouble. Going for help to his old friend Sophia Lindos, he had been caught up in a party of distinguished Athenians—Anya among them—who were visiting the printing works of Angelos Vyro's fifty-year-old newspaper *Aegis*. . . .

Now, as Vyro held up the sheet which gave the news of the assassination, Vanbrugh felt a sudden shock of surprise and fear. There was the terrible word, WANTED. And, under it, a huge picture of—himself.

PART FOUR

Anya Has Sudden Visitors

NOT all the party had seen the news, and of those who had none could speak over the roar of the machines. They mouthed at each other. Vanbrugh looked towards Anya; she had gone grey in the face.

As he moved towards the door to the foundry room, a hand caught him. Vanbrugh shoved hard, and the man went back towards a bale of papers. At the door two others were coming towards him. He pushed through the door, slammed it, and began to run down the foundry room. The others were out before he got to the green baize door, but he was through it.

A long dark passage, dusty and cold: rough coats and heavy boots; two doors; wash-basins. If this was a dead end, he was caught. But there was another door, a door with a push bar. He pushed.

Someone was coming through the office as the door opened and he fell into a narrow alley. He ran along it, and came to a square for unloading lorries. It was ill-lit; two lorries were there, abandoned for the night.

No way out. He shinned up into the van of one of the lorries, but the ignition key was missing. Then through the rear window he saw that the lorries were backed against an alley which ran into the yard of a factory. As he slid round and down and disappeared behind the back wheels, he heard footsteps running in the square.

The yard of the factory seemed just another cul-de-sac: doors locked and bolted from the inside, empty packing cases, corrugated iron, steps. He took the steps four at a time. At the top was a locked door, but beside it a concrete path ran round the corner.

He went round the corner hardly hoping, found that the raised path went along the side of the building, and that beyond the wall were steps leading down into the street at the factory entrance. This street was not empty, but he got down and wriggled unobtrusively over the small gate at the bottom of the steps. Then he began to walk briskly, but not too briskly, away from the scene. . . .

As soon as he felt reasonably safe, he spent half his money on a change of clothing. He bought a second-hand suit of Greek cut, a pair of spectacles, a wide-brimmed hat, a bottle of dye, and an old Gladstone bag to hold his own clothes. There were shops in the back streets where you could buy anything at any hour.

He went then to a *taverna* from which he could just see the steps leading up to Anya's flat. It was an old, yellow house, bland and bleached, with two great palms standing before it like Corinthian pillars gone to seed.

The murder of Lascou had been broadcast on the late news. The police, said the proprietor of the *taverna*, were seeking a noted foreign *agent provocateur* who had been seen committing the murder.

Vanbrugh had been in the *taverna* for half an hour when two o'clock struck. Anya got back about half-past two. A man brought her. Vanbrugh got to the door of the *taverna* in time to see a blue saloon drive away.

He pulled his hat over his eyes and stepped into the street. There were lights in her rooms now, but he first walked cautiously to the end of the street and looked quickly back. Out of the corner of his eye he thought he saw something stir beside the trunk of a palm tree just beyond the house. He waited patiently, but there was no other movement except a gently waving frond. The lights in the *taverna* had gone out.

He came back, and walked up the steps. . . .

When she saw who it was, she tried to slam the door in his face, but he got his foot in the door.

"Anya, I must see you."

"I—don't want. . . ."

There was a sharp angry struggle and then the door gave. He was in a hall with double doors leading into a large *sala*, but she had gone from the door and was inside lifting off the telephone.

He stopped in the doorway, short of breath. "Go on," he said. "Ring the police if you want to."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Go ahead. There'll be time to talk to you before they come."

She had changed into a green striped jersey and narrow black velvet trousers. They stared at each other.

He said: "D'you really think I killed him? Is that what you think?"

She put the telephone down. The hard certainties had

In the wall was a panel about two feet square. Anya pressed a catch and the panel opened. "In!" she hissed

gone from her eyes. He came into the room.

She put up her hands to her face. "God, I think I'm going to faint."

He went to a corner cupboard, clattered among the glasses and bottles there, and came back with half a glass of brandy. "Sit down. Drink this."

She said: "Michael said you were there."

"Michael?"

"George's son."

"How did he know who I was?"

"He'd seen you on Saturday. He always peeps in at his father's guests."

"I was there. But I didn't do it."

She burst into tears. "I loved him."

He got her to sit down. She tried hard to keep her hands steady to hold the drink, but they were shaking like someone with ague.

He said quietly: "Anya, I had to come and see you. The one absolutely necessary thing in my life now is to get this straight with you. I also came to you for another reason. Because I'd promised George."

"You promised *him*?"

"When he was dying, he said two things: 'Burn the letters,' and 'Tell Anya.' I've come to do what he said."

"I don't understand. What letters?"

"The letters that came from Madrid."

"Some did? Today?"

"That's what I have to tell. . . ."

When he'd finished, she stared at the pile of letters he'd put on the table before her.

"So what you said was true? These letters prove he was a Communist?"

"Communists are not necessarily bad men. They are only working for what we conceive to be a bad thing. I've stopped him and I'm glad—even if it meant his death—even if it means mine. But I didn't expect it to lead to a woman committing murder and a child crying for his father . . . and you being hurt."

"And you are wanted for that murder." She turned on him. "You have taken such a risk in visiting me. Every minute counts against you."

"I had to see you."

Her eyes glittered but she would not look at him. "What am I to do with the letters?"

"What you please. He asked me to burn them."

"But you haven't."

"Not yet. I had to bring them to you in case you doubted what I told you."

"I can't now." She considered for a second. "And what are *you* going to do?"

"Go," he said. "I can get out all right."

"I don't believe——"

He held up his hand. "What's that?"

"What?"

"A car, I think. It may be nothing. . . ."

VANBRUGH went to the window and moved the blind a fraction of an inch. A car had stopped at the door and men were getting out.

"Police," he said. "What way out is there?"

"No way but the front. This house stands with its back to another. Everything comes through the front."

He grabbed up his hat and bag. "The window?"

"Wait." She fled past him into the bathroom, turned on the bath taps, was back. "This way." She led him into a spare bedroom. "Here. . . ." She beckoned him to a chest-of-drawers beside the bed. "Help me."

He helped her to lift the chest out. Behind, in the wall, was a panel about two feet square. She pressed some sort of a spring catch and the panel swung open.

"*In!*"

"If they catch me, this will mean——"

"*In!*"

He crawled through into a mass of pipes, which were obviously behind the bathroom. He had to force his way in and lie with his head bent against the sloped roof and his feet cramped at the other end. The panel would just

THREE BRILLIANT WRITERS

Brian Cleeve

Elspeth Huxley

Breton Amis

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

shut and he was in complete darkness. He could hear Anya struggling to get the chest-of-drawers back in place.

Then the doorbell went. For half a minute there were indistinct noises. He heard her calling something. The taps were shut off. Silence fell, except for slight, hurried movements in the bathroom. Something dropped on the floor. Then she must have opened the door to them, for he could hear the growl of men's voices.

He could tell she was arguing and indignant; but after a minute she gave way. Heavy footsteps. The hot-water pipe was burning his back. It was very close in the confined space and he could hardly move an inch any way. His shoulder was pressed hard against the door.

The footsteps moved on. Suddenly her voice came quite clearly: "Do please look in here if you wish." They were in the bathroom.

After a minute they went out, and for a time Vanbrugh could only hear movements farther away. Then they were again within hearing. They had come into the spare bedroom.

Anya said: "But who was this man who reported that he had seen the murderer entering this building?"

"We received the information. We took it to be a reliable source."

A cupboard door opened very near Vanbrugh. Any minute the pressure of his shoulder on the panel would make the spring catch give way, yet he could not move to take away the strain.

"There are other flats in the house, officer."

"It is what I was thinking myself, madame. This is a spare room?"

"My maid sleeps here when she sleeps in."

"She isn't sleeping in at present?"

"As you see."

"I would suggest that you keep your door locked for the night. Is this the last room?"

"There's the kitchen. It's this way. . . ."

A long wait then, in blackness and in heat. Once Vanbrugh thought he caught some stirring in the bedroom still. Then there was a murmured conversation in the *sala*. Then silence.

Lack of air in the man-hole. Gradually the pipe began to cool. The beginnings of cramp in both feet. A door banged somewhere in the distance, but no footsteps followed it.

He began to count. It was a way he'd followed for years of getting through high discomfort. He had counted to beyond four hundred when someone turned on the water again in the bath. That went on for two or three minutes and the pipe behind him grew hot again. He began to wriggle his feet, fighting the cramp again. He was soaked in sweat, and it was running off his forehead, down his face and trickling inside his collar.

The water stopped. Then someone came into the room and he heard the chest-of-drawers being cautiously dragged back.

Light fell into the dark. Anya said: "I think they've been searching the other flats. They've just gone. It's safe to come out."

He began to wriggle through the opening and got to his feet. There was no feeling in either of them and he collapsed into her arms and thence to the bed.

He said: "I'll give them another ten minutes and then go."

"Go where? I was asking you that when they came."

HE limped back into the living-room, moved over to the blind, peered out. "It wasn't the police who saw me come in. I don't like that. This evening, when I went back to the place where I'd been staying, the police were there. I was warned just in time. I doubt if they would have found me on their own."

She said: "Do you know, there is only one safe place for you, Peter, for the time being."

"Where?"

"Here."

He lit a cigarette, broke the dead match, put it in an ash-tray. "No."

"Yes. It is obvious. The last place the police will look is here—now."

He thought round it carefully. "Perhaps you are right. But even if that was so, I'm not willing to involve you any more."

She said: "If you stay here tonight, I think I can make arrangements. I have money and still some influence."

"And your maid?"

"I can telephone her. I will tell her not to come."

He shook his head. "If I stay tonight, it may mean I'm stuck here."

"Does that matter?"

"Yes, yes, yes. Every hour increases your risk. D'you realize what it could mean if they found me here?"

"Do you realize that I don't care?"

He came across slowly and put his hands on her elbows and smiled at her. "You don't care?"

She looked at him directly for a moment, giving him all the glimmering brown of her eyes. He released her and walked up and down once, thinking it over, knowing she was watching him all the time.

"Very well," he said. "I will stay."

They slept for three hours. She had set a clock to wake them, but before it went off he was stirring, moving round the sala, examining the grey, empty street through the slats in the venetian blind. He made coffee, and a few minutes before the clock was due to go off he went into her bedroom with a tray and touched her hand.

She was instantly alert. "Yes?"

"Just before seven and all's well."

She slowly relaxed and yawned against her fingers. Her hair lay thick and black on one bare shoulder.

She said: "I had horrible dreams."

They drank the coffee. He said: "I wouldn't

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Got any gold in your rockery?

by ANTHONY HANCOX

If you have, the Bottleys will find it. They pick up money wherever they go; in quarries, off the sea bed —and up the garden path

Bottley (right) grades geological specimens in his workshop, stacked with rocks and fossils

Many of the rarer minerals are sculpted by artists into figurines and jewellery. Bottley and his wife (right) show a visitor examples of gem sculpture at a recent Chelsea exhibition

ON an August evening four years ago Percival and Winifred Bottley, a man and wife team of mineralogists, burst a rear tyre on their car as they drove along the lonely Agrigento—Gela road in Southern Sicily. They had been warned that this part of Sicily was notorious for bandits and a dangerous place to be after dark. While Bottley hurriedly changed the wheel another car passed them. A few minutes later the Bottleys were following it through the night towards Agrigento.

A mile farther on, Bottley drove into the big question-mark curve of a mountain pass and suddenly picked out the other car in his headlights. It was stationary and five people were standing by it with their arms raised. Several men were facing them, holding rifles. One began to wave at Bottley, signalling him to stop. It was a hold-up.

Bottley put his foot hard on the accelerator. His car shot forward, speeded past the group on the roadside, and raced along the pass. Only shouts followed the Bottleys into the darkness and two hours later they were safely in an hotel at Agrigento.

The following day they read a newspaper account of the hold-up. The other car driver had been shot to death through the throat and robbed of 150,000 lire.

"It would have been us but for that burst tyre," says Bottley. The couple were visiting Sicily to collect sulphur and lime specimens. Despite the hold-up, they continued to prospect in the area for another three days. This time, however, they had two armed policemen as guards.

Bottley is the biggest supplier of mineral, rock, fossil and meteorite specimens in Britain, and sells all over the world. Individual rarities go to museums and collectors. Universities, technical colleges and mining schools buy sets of the more common varieties for geology instruction. For mining and oil companies, prospectors and explorers there are special sets of specimens which they use to make comparisons with their own discoveries.

A friendly, humorous little man of fifty-three, Bottley spends nine months of each year gathering new specimens, from small chips to five hundredweight pieces, which he adds to the hundreds of thousands stored in his unpretentious workshop-warehouse in a Chelsea sidestreet.

On his prospecting trips Bottley has made many business contacts and friends who collect for him and send him information. When contractors began blasting operations at a quarry in Caithness, the news was sent to him by a farmer. "Knowing the age of some of the rock formations in the area, I thought there was a good chance of finding some fossilized fish," says Bottley.

The quarry was on a cliff, five hundred feet above the sea, and it was raining hard when Bottley arrived. Scrambling over piles of sharp-edged rock, he reached a sixty-foot face which was speckled with hundreds of dark markings. Each mark was a fossilized fish, dating back about 300 million years.

Using a seven-pound sledge hammer, a crowbar and a chisel, Bottley hammered and levered in the rain for two days, finally hauling back to his car half a dozen pieces of rock weighing several hundredweights. The best specimen was four feet square by three inches deep. "There were eight fossilized fish on it which were in such clear detail that they looked as though they were still swimming," says Bottley. He later sold the piece to King Gustav of Sweden.

During a wartime prospecting trip in Scotland, looking for minerals which would be useful to the war effort, Bottley was told by a shepherd that a storm had washed peat off an area of granite in the Cairngorms. Anxious to examine the granite, hidden under the peat for thousands of years, Bottley drove twenty-two miles along hill tracks, then left his car and began a five-mile climb. At 2,500 feet his compass was affected by iron ore in the rocks and gave false readings. Soon afterwards a mist began to descend and Bottley had to make a hurried return to lower ground to escape being trapped for the night. But although two further attempts in successive years also failed, Bottley returned from these trips with materials useful for industrial research, including mica, used in electrical work, and sillimanite, a heat-resistant mineral. He has also supplied crystals for submarine radio equipment, and minerals which helped commercial concerns to develop fluorescent lighting. The largest piece of pitchblende found in Britain was sent by him to Harvard University for uranium research. Sir Douglas Mawson, the explorer and geologist, bought specimens from Bottley.

So in earlier years did Lord Rutherford, the scientist who was first to recognize the nuclear nature of the atom, and John Logie Baird, pioneer of television. Baird went to Bottley for Iceland spar, a crystal he used in his

experiments. Bottley told him that supplies were very limited and that, even if the experiments were successful, he would have to find a substitute. Eventually a valve was evolved.

"I cannot travel anywhere without spotting something of use in my business," says Bottley. While visiting his native Derbyshire this year he asked if he could take a stone from a pathway leading to a friend's cottage. It was a Dreikanter, a pebble of the Triassic period, etched into its smooth, three-sided shape by wind-blown sand more than 170 million years ago.

Driving through Husborne Crawley, Bedfordshire, two years ago, Bottley stopped to admire the village church and noticed some green coloured pieces of rock used in the construction of the tower. He identified them as greensand; they were the best specimens he had seen. Searching the area for more of the rock, he encountered several cows splashing through a big muddy puddle on their way into a field. As their hoofs churned up the mud a green colour showed through the water. Bottley plunged his hands into the mud and pulled out several pieces of greensand.

In addition to his sledge hammer, crowbar and chisels, Bottley takes with him a Geiger counter, magnifying glasses and a clinometer, which indicates the dip of rock strata. The materials which he brings back are washed, classified, labelled and stored by seven assistants. The wooden storage boxes in the two hundred-foot two-storied warehouse contain uncounted thousands of specimens from which the assistants make up sets. There are samples of about four hundred common minerals, a similar variety of rocks, eight hundred sorts of fossils, and smaller collections of rarities.

Bottley sold five thousand sets last year. Eighty per cent of his orders are from abroad: recent shipments went to China, New Zealand, Africa, Tibet and the Leeward Islands. This year the Burmese Government has ordered forty sets and geological equipment worth £3,000 for its schools. When a set is made up each specimen is cut to a size, usually between four and twelve square inches in area. A schoolboy's set of twenty minerals costs 10s. 6d. An explorer's cabinet of 250 minerals, ores and rocks, £55; a teaching set of four hundred minerals, £45. Mining companies have paid up to £200 for special sets of three hundred minerals and ores.

An explorer in Brazil sold Bottley some rare examples of scapolite and Bottley was the first man to cut gems of this beautiful transparent yellow mineral. His biggest gem, worth £510, weighed 102 carats and was put on show in London. A visitor handling another stone dropped it on to the scapolite, chipping it. Bottley had to repolish the scapolite's damaged face and reduce it by five carats—a loss of £25.

The most expensive collection bought by Bottley was a hundred pieces of crystallized gold found in a mine in Southern Rhodesia. It was the finest collection of its kind and he paid £1,000 for it. He sold the pieces to museums and collectors all over the world. The largest—four inches by four inches by two inches—was purchased by Harvard University for £195.

Bottley once bought five hundred pieces of gold-bearing rock, collected by a nineteenth-century mining expert from seventy sites in Britain.

He found that the collection had been damaged by flood water while in a furniture depository and the labels had become detached from the specimens. Fortunately the labels still bore the names of the seventy sites and Bottley has been visiting them for several years now re-matching the labels. So far he has identified twenty-six. "Plenty of proof that there is gold in Britain," he says. "But not enough to work commercially." Last year he tried to visit one of the gold rock sites in Wales, but drove up and down a hill road for several hours without finding the exact location given on one of the labels.

Then he realized that the rocks he was seeking had long since been blasted away and a house had been built on the spot. Bottley, the son of a Derby engineer, used many boyhood weekends on long walks to local quarries to collect stones. After an apprenticeship with Walter Hemingway, one of the best stone-engravers of the time, he set up his own business in Derby when he was nineteen. On a visit to a Staffordshire coalmine with a geological study group in 1925 he was introduced to another student, Winifred Harrold, whom he married five years later.

In August, 1939, the couple made a hurried tour through parts of Europe to collect as many specimens as possible in case war broke out. Part of the carload of minerals collected on this trip was used by Bottley during the war to fashion lenses for instruments which tested the efficiency of guns and measured the strength of explosions. Several times he was called by the Admiralty to value mineral cargoes in captured ships, and once identified hundreds of small objects hidden in a cask of butter. They were industrial diamonds.

Three years ago, when his stocks of some rare salts were very low, Bottley and his wife went to Vulcano Island, one of the Lipari group in the Mediterranean, to climb the ash cone and enter the volcano's crater. Placing their feet exactly in the footmarks made by their native guide, they picked their way up the hot slopes, moving along narrow lanes where the volcano's gases were dormant and the ground had cooled. On either side of them were rocks, blistering with heat, some incandescent. It took them two hours to climb the 1,600 feet to the top.

Inside the crater, with scalding springs and sulphur lakes bubbling round them, the Bottleys got to work with their hammers, while the guide kept watch on the wind direction. A change could have brought poisonous gases blowing over them. After half an hour near to the sulphur fumes the Bottleys felt ill and were forced to leave, but by that time they had rucksacks filled with the rare salts.

The next day, having recovered from the effects of the fumes, Bottley walked to one of the beaches of black volcanic sand, and went for a swim—mostly underwater. When he got back to the beach he had a fine collection of crystals which he had picked off the sea bed. THE END

The big green river

Continued from page 15

undressed hemp on the reel. It was enough for anything I was likely to take. Naturally it would not hold a *mahseer* of any size, but then, I did not expect to touch one.

As I put on the spoon—a bit of home-made twisted brass—I regretted very much listening to Salim Ali. I thought sadly of Daulaghat, where I could have gone instead, where the big rivers meet and there is strong water, and huge fish lie at the confluence of those two mighty torrents. I have stood there with a wave up to my heart as if I were the pillar of a bridge, and thrown my spoon far out into the mad waters. That's the place for giants.

But now here was I, Mohammed Khan of the Forest Service, by this unimportant river with this ridiculous rod. It is, of course, a pleasure to take any fish, big or small, and sometimes in these hill streams even one-pounders will fight like tigers, but. . . . Well anyway, here I was, and I must make the best of it.

I stood up, ready, and studied the water and made my first cast. I put my spoon into a dimple on the other side and brought it twitching through the tangle of currents where fish would be lying waiting for food to be washed down into their pool.

At that very first cast he took me. I did not see him in the tumble of water, but next moment there was a curl and he shot off down the pool with my line going *hhhwp!* through the surface like a sword through silk.

I found myself running along the sand and thinking: *It's my fish! But I'll never land him on this silly little rod and line.* I just wondered how long my tackle would stand the strain before breaking.

At the end of the pool a rib of rock juts out into the water, you remember. Smooth as slate, and I saw that if he took me round it he'd cut the line even if it held till he got there. He was of a size to take out two hundred yards at his first rush, and naturally I expected him to break me when the last yard went off the reel.

But the foot of the pool spreads and shallows; and, just as the strain came, he turned for the deep water once more.

As he did so, I saw him and my heart left me. He was long, like a panther, and in the clear water, as he came round, the sun glared from his flank as from a golden looking-glass. I saw his fins, his moustaches, and then he was off again, doubling back.

I could not get my line in fast enough, and I thought, *if I haven't lost him already, I will when he takes up all this slack.*

But he was still on.

Up the pool, then back down. Up and down we went, several times, till suddenly he made up his mind. He went straight down that pool and out at the bottom.

I saw my line rubbing the blade of rock, but somehow I scrambled round the headland—swimming and climbing till I was past it and on the shore again. My fish was still going off downstream at full speed, and me panting after him.

That part of the river happens to be straight. There is nothing on the beach to stop a runner. Pebbles and grass. Nothing else. But as I ran, with again only a few yards left on my reel, and the fish still strong as ever, perfectly able to snap me at the first check, not even beginning to be tired, I saw that a spit of sand right across my path held crocodiles.

And not *gharials*, either. They were *muggers*.

They lay there sunbathing and, if I was to keep my fish, I'd got to get past them.

So I shouted, and the little ones rose on their short legs and ran like lizards for the water, where they sank with a sizzle. But there was one big one who did not run.

You remember the *mugger* crocodile that Abdul shot at Kurumsōt? Twice as long as I am, and we found his belly to be full of human bones? Big as that.

Well, when he saw me coming, he rolled his eyes and opened his mouth. I'd either got to dash right into him or let go my fish. I was bounding over the sand straight towards those open jaws.

I thought, shall I circle to landward of him? But I could see the spindle in my reel, and I knew there was not enough length of line for me to do so.

I thought, shall I run through the shallow water? But then the crocodile would have me on his own terms. No, there was nothing for it. I gathered myself together as I came racing towards him and I jumped. *Wa!* Even the langur ape has never made such a leap.

The monster reared at me. I smelled his evil breath. I could have spat into his gullet. But I cleared him. He cut at me with his tail, of course, and if I had stumbled, I should have been lost. Sand and pebbles showered me, but I was over. I hadn't time to look back, but I think he waddled into the river after I had passed, because the shore water washed as if something big had dropped into it.

My fish was still going. I played him for two hours, and all that time I knew I couldn't do it. Either my lungs or my tackle would give. I kept thinking, *this is only a light rod for small waters and little fish; I can never beach him.*

Then suddenly it came to me how to do it. There was a brook running into the river. When the fish was tired, I guided him into it, and then I sat in the brook. As soon as I had recovered a little in the water, I was able to get my fingers into his gills and lift him out. It was the greatest moment of my life.

Look! Have you ever seen such a fish? Why he is so big, he could reach from Calcutta to Bombay—ho! ho! Of course, the colours begin to go, once they are dead. . . .

I—I—let me sit down. No, it is nothing. I am perfectly all right. If I could have just a glass of milk, please? Thank you.

Milk on my beard? Oh. Is that better?

I am sorry. Forgive me. I am becoming a foolish old man, I suppose. It is only that, I look at the river there, and think of the years I have fished these big green waters for this one fish, and now it is over. I should be rejoicing, yet down inside me I can feel tears. It is very strange. If I. . . .

By Allah! Did you see that? Trying to get up the falls? The king of all fishes. Oh, twice the length of this one. Where is my heavy rod? Quick! THE END

Make the day with Cadburys Milk Tray*

**So thickly covered with Cadburys Dairy Milk Chocolate*

Torture with a smile

Continued from page 21

a few years he had gained his black belt and achieved the third dan-grade. In 1955 he was selected to represent Britain in the European championships. "When the army got to hear of his progress," says Gleeson, "he was called before a medical board who pronounced him completely fit and cancelled his pension. He wasn't too pleased."

The most frequent reason for taking up the sport is a desire to develop an effective defence against physically superior opposition, but this attitude is discouraged during a beginner's training.

"People who are good at the sport usually emanate self-confidence," says Gleeson, "and as a result they don't get into trouble and are seldom called upon to defend themselves." Judo clubs do not tolerate bullies. "If we suspect that a member has joined in order to become efficiently aggressive, the senior members of his club take care that he is given such a rough passage that he either gives up in the first six months or learns to take a more tolerant view of life."

Contestants bow to each other before and after an engagement, and on entering and leaving the *dojo*—the practice arena—which is regarded as a place of culture.

They are expected at all times to observe the unwritten laws of the game; a beginner who shows an earnest interest must not be discouraged by being knocked about by more experienced performers. A teacher of an advanced dan-grade who is getting on in years must not be thrown in combat by a younger and more virile opponent of a lower grade.

Gleeson sees to it that etiquette is properly observed in the *dojo*, where spectators are not normally allowed.

While he was conducting a training session, two club members brought their girl friends to watch. "The effect was immediate," says Gleeson. "The members concerned began throwing their weight about amongst the novices. I asked some of the senior-grade men to partner them in order to restore the balance."

The B.J.A. does not hold individual championships, which might tend to encourage sensationalism and develop false attitudes towards the sport among its devotees. Individual members of the movement are forbidden to use their skill for financial gain, and displays of judo before a paying public are not encouraged in Britain. "Our ideal," says Gleeson, "is to hold team competitions before large audiences of judo enthusiasts who will benefit from the instruction."

In the European championships the British team have twice been runners-up in the last six years and in 1951 Gleeson came close to winning the open title. His battle in the final with a Frenchman lasted for twenty minutes—four times the normal length of a contest—and ended inconclusively. The Frenchman was awarded the verdict on superior technique.

Gleeson is constantly clearing up misconceptions about judo. In the ITV series *Looking At Sport* the B.J.A. was invited to give an exhibition. "The producer wanted us to provide a circus turn," says Gleeson, "but we told him we could co-operate only by demonstrating the true version. He agreed, with misgiving. The programme produced two thousand letters, more than any of its forerunners in the series."

Gleeson, born in Acton in 1927, first became interested in judo ten years ago, while he was working as an aeronautical engineer.

Practising daily for two or three hours, he reached the black belt grade in two years, and in 1952 went to Japan for a three-year course as the first foreign student to be admitted to the Kodokan in Tokyo, the world's premier school of judo.

Gleeson practised judo for an average of five hours a day. "Even so," he says, "it was six months before the tutors decided that I was sincere, and began taking an interest in my development. When I was given the nastiest looking thug in the place as a regular opponent, I knew I was considered to be improving."

Before returning to Britain Gleeson became friendly with the Japanese open champion, Daigo, and once accompanied him on a visit to the champion's home village, fifty miles from the capital. At the high school where Daigo had received his first judo training, the headmaster expressed the opinion that no non-Japanese could become skilled at the art, and invited Gleeson to demonstrate his talents. "We went to the school *dojo* where I was surprised to see all the pupils lined up in judo kit."

For the remainder of the afternoon Gleeson, assisted by Daigo, contested with virtually every pupil in the school. "After several hours I was almost exhausted," says Gleeson, "but I had dropped only three or four points, and the headmaster was moderately satisfied."

As the B.J.A.'s national coach, Gleeson finds that his services are constantly in demand for training sessions, demonstrations and for refereeing. Between his sporting commitments, he attends London University as an advanced student in the Japanese language.

Not all European countries interpret the ethics of the sport as rigidly as they are observed in Britain. When Gleeson toured West Germany recently he was invited to give a demonstration in a beer hall. He approached the platform in a blaze of light, to the blaring accompaniment of a brass band.

"The place was packed with shouting spectators," he says, "and the atmosphere was heavy with beer fumes and tobacco smoke. Each contest was heralded with a roll of drums. I thought I had become involved in a boxing promotion." THE END

WHY?

JEREMY BARKER was dining alone. The restaurant which he had chosen had a coat-stand in the corner and before he sat down he hung his coat on it. But when he got up to leave the coat was missing from the stand. It had been stolen.

He sued the proprietor of the restaurant for the value of his coat.

"Normally," Barker's counsel told the judge, "restaurants exhibit a notice by the coat-stand saying that they will not be responsible for loss. But there was no such notice here. Therefore the proprietor is liable."

But Barker lost his case.

WHY? *A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page* 34

Fostering's folly

Continued from page 19

in the Unicorn Room, relic of Miss Lancaster's picnic pack, was not in fact the identical apple which had fallen upon the head of Sir Isaac Newton.

In general he seemed more interested in the suggestions Ambrose made about the siting of the electric radiators or the passenger lifts, and he would sound panelling with his knuckles or, when he thought nobody was looking, test beams for dry rot with a pen-knife.

Once his wife stopped to hold a tape for him so that he could measure the width of a wall; as a result Ambrose and Cora found themselves alone together for a short space in the Octagonal Bedroom.

"I knew who you were as soon as I saw you," she said, glowing at him. "You can tell class anywhere."

"That was exactly what I felt," answered Ambrose gallantly, "as soon as I saw *you*."

"There, you see," said Cora. "That smooth approach—that's aristocracy all over. I wonder if your girl friends have the nerve to call you Oxy."

"Well, no," said Ambrose. "They don't actually. But you can, if you like."

"I will too," said Cora and looked at him challengingly. "I reckon we'd get on pretty well together, Oxy."

"I'm certain of it," Ambrose said, wondering at the dizzy prospect. Cora was exactly, so very carefully, like the current top girl of movie elegance; it made her unreal, as if she had stepped into life from a magazine cover.

He wondered exactly how she would look beside Lily Lancaster and then remembered, with a shock, that today was one of Miss Lancaster's days. He'd have to arrange matters with Finch.

In the meantime, however, Finch had been arranging refreshments.

Much of the blame for what follows attaches to Nicko Finch. Ambrose had thought of tea or coffee and biscuits, but to Nicko the word "refreshments" meant only one thing. He searched high and low and found cellars and sideboards empty. But at last, by some sixth sense, he was led to a locked cupboard in the Armoury. He opened it by using a seventeenth-century halberd as a jemmy, and saw a dozen bottles of a rare and ancient brandy, the only things in the whole of Ebstow that were not for sale.

When the party found Finch—not in the Peacock Room but in the Terrace Sitting-room, where he had been misled by the heron on the fire-screen—they found also trays, glasses, biscuits and three bottles of this choice spirit. Ambrose was horrified; but what could he do but accept the situation? Particularly as Pop, as his family called him, plainly took an enthusiastic view of this sort of hospitality.

"This sure is the real thing," said Pop, sniffing at his glass appreciatively. Then he said: "You know, Lord Oxeter, my being here isn't really an accident. This is the village my folks came from, coupla hundred years ago. Peasants, I suppose, scared to death of the big house, and here I am drinking your brandy. Well, the old order changes."

"How very interesting," said Ambrose.

"And it's a grand old building you've got," Pop went on. "Just solid history. After all, you can always put in the plumbing."

"I suppose so," agreed Ambrose, eyeing the other anxiously. He was a little alarmed by a change in Pop's expression, which had become resolute and set so that the casual tourist now looked like the traditional tycoon, ruthless and decisive.

But it only meant that Pop had made up his mind about something that had troubled him. "Would you sell this place?" he asked suddenly.

"Sell?" echoed Ambrose, a little off balance. "Sell Ebstow? . . . Well, I'd always thought of it as something set aside for death duties."

"It's like this," explained Pop. "My business brings me to Europe pretty well six months in a year. Have to entertain on some scale, too. I want permanent headquarters on this side of the Atlantic, and your place appeals to me. That's sentiment, I guess, being back in the old home village. And you say you don't use it much. I'd make a generous offer."

"Well, I really don't know——"

"Just name a figure," said Pop. "You must have an idea what it's worth to you. Furniture, pictures, the lot—apart from any heirlooms you might want. Put a price on it."

AMBROSE hesitated. He hadn't the remotest idea what the place was worth. But he was playing the part of Lord Oxeter, and he felt certain Lord Oxeter would have known. Not to give a straight answer would be to fail in his rôle. He'd have to go through with it; in for a penny, in for a pound.

Or thirty thousand pounds. He chose the figure completely at random.

"Thirty?" said Pop, and considered only for a second. "I'll give you twenty-five. And that's a firm offer."

"But really," began Ambrose, "I. . . ."

He knew this was all wrong. People didn't buy and sell mansions like this; surely no such transaction was ever really concluded without prolonged preliminary skirmishing by chartered surveyors, valuers, solicitors and any number of other experts. This couldn't be genuine; and if it weren't, what did it matter what he said?

"All right," he agreed. "I'd accept that. Twenty-five thousand."

"Swell!" cried Pop, and shook Ambrose's hand. "It's a real pleasure to meet a man who can do business like that. It's my way and I wish it was everybody's. Make your mind up and clinch it and no darned argument. Twenty-five thousand pounds it is. I'll want the name of your solicitors. Now if you write out a short note acknowledging that we've come to a preliminary agreement about the sale. . . ."

Ambrose produced small beads of perspiration on his forehead. Impersonation, theft—and now forgery.

"Dear Oxy," said Cora. "We'll take the greatest possible care of your lovely house and you can come and stay in it just whenever you like."

"But I'll have those green wallpapers off," said Mom, looking around.

"Now this memo of agreement," said Pop. "Suppose I draft it out. . . . 'The undersigned having this day——' "

And then Lily Lancaster came in.

Ambrose had earlier been able to warn Nicko of Miss Lancaster's expected arrival. That imitation butler had therefore been listening for the first sound of her bicycle tyres on the driveway and had waylaid her before she had both feet on the ground, explaining in conspiratorial whispers what fantastic foolery was going on at Ebstow.

Nor had Nicko any desire to restrict that foolery; he seized this further opportunity to elaborate upon it, and

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with a confused idea that the nobility were always ceremoniously announced, whatever the occasion, flung back the door of the Terrace Sitting-room and called: "Lady Lancaster!"

Lily was a tall brunette with the mobile, merry-eyed type of face that always seemed to be on the verge of a smile. She was reluctant to shatter this elaborate practical joke out of hand; but to be raised to the peerage, as it were, all in a moment, before three strangers, one of whom—Cora—she sensed at once to be hostile, was a lot to take in one's stride.

Her first thought was that her blue and white working dress was nothing better than a chain-store product and ought to have gone to the cleaners last week. But if clothes do sometimes make the woman, there is usually something more, and Lily, in her own way, had Presence also.

Ambrose rose to welcome her. "Meet some American friends of mine," he said; the best introduction he could make, for he realized he didn't know their names. He wasn't very anxious to find out either. He was beginning to feel that this prank of his was getting out of control. He'd like to draw a veil over the whole thing as soon as he decently could, before he found himself coerced into some further breach of the law.

But he was very grateful for Lily's appearance. By diverting attention she had at least postponed the preparation of that document which he would be expected to sign with the single and princely word "Oxeter." And he knew, as he watched her sit down beside Cora, that she had restored his sense of proportion.

"You and Oxy are old friends, I suppose," said Cora.

"Oxy?" said Lily. "Oh, I see—you mean Ambrose. Why, yes, of course. . . . And have you been in England long?"

Cora's expression was not cordial. So her ladyship didn't like her boy friend being addressed by a chummy nickname.

The girls sat together on the chaise-longue.

AMBROSE looked at them and realized that, if comparisons were odious, they were also sometimes very revealing. Lily was dark, with friendly eyes; she looked like a woman who was by chance beautiful. Cora was vividly blonde and there was an acquisitive glint about her eyes; she looked like something painstakingly designed to be beautiful, which, at the end of the process, was seen under close scrutiny to be a woman.

"Now this document . . ." persisted Pop. But Ambrose wasn't listening. He was looking at Lily, thrown into relief, as it were, by her company.

"And, of course, you hunt a lot?" Cora was asking.

"Oh, yes," Lily answered, taking a token sip of the brandy Nicko had poured out for her and trying hard not to screw up her face too much. "We were out only the other day."

"The other day? But surely you don't hunt at this time of year?" There was a little frown of suspicion on Cora's face.

"Now, Lord Oxeter," Pop began again, "if you'll be good enough to read through what I've——"

He didn't complete the sentence, for it was at that moment that Police Constable 512 Ponderby opened the door and stood, seven feet high to the tip of his helmet, upon the threshold. And peering over his shoulder was the pinched, cyanosed face, ravaged by anger and indigestion, of Lord Oxeter, the indisputable heir of Ebstow.

"My God!" cried Nicko. "Cops!"

It was purely by chance that Lord Oxeter had decided to come to Ebstow that day to prepare a list of the furniture he hoped to sell. He had called at the Oxeter Arms for his usual cheese roll and two light ales, and Mrs. Courtfoot, bitterly indignant that Nicko had not returned by opening time to help with the dart match, had given him a highly coloured account of the fraud then being perpetrated at the big house. Whereupon his lordship had gone across to the Police Cottage and

"Ah, we don't get the real hard frosts we used to"

called Ponderby away from his high tea of sausages and onions.

And now he saw the bottles. "The cognac!" he shouted. "They're drinking my brandy." He pointed a shaking finger at Ambrose. "Officer, take that man in charge."

"Now just a minute," Ambrose said. "I can explain everything."

"Now see here," protested Pop. "Lord Oxeter's a friend of mine, and——"

"I certainly am not," said Lord Oxeter indignantly. "I never saw you before in my life."

With an air of extreme bravado Nicko Finch crossed the room until he stood face to face with the peer.

"*I* nicked the brandy," he said. "Me. And if that's all you're worried about, I'll *give* you three bottles, with stars on. Better'n this thin stuff. We got two dozen at the pub."

"Quiet, now," said the constable. "Quiet, please. Lord Oxeter has made a complaint that people were in his house that had no right to be there——"

"Oh, nuts," said Mom. "Lord Oxeter invited us here himself."

"I most certainly did not, madam," said Lord Oxeter.

"And who was talking to you?"

But Cora was sharper than her parents. "Don't you get it?" she said. "These people are phonies. I knew it as soon as I saw *her*. She's no more a lady than I am."

Lily couldn't help giggling. "I'm sure you didn't mean to put it quite like that."

Lord Oxeter addressed the Americans. "I don't know what you may have been led to believe, but I am Lord Oxeter. This is my house. This man here is my caretaker, and this gel repairs furniture for me. They had no right to bring anybody into this house, and most emphatically no right to use my brandy."

"But it was only in fun," said Lily.

"The times they say that to me," sighed the constable.

"It's entirely my fault," said Ambrose. "It all seemed very funny—until about two minutes ago. I'm sorry if I've annoyed anyone."

Pop's face had set very hard; a cheek muscle was twitching. "Nobody makes a sucker out of me," he said.

"Nor me," said Cora. "I've never been so humiliated."

But Mom had no malice: "He's a nice kid."

"Officer," said Lord Oxeter, "I wish to charge this man with the theft of my brandy."

"Very well, sir."

"But I tell you *I* took it," cried Nicko.

"Now, please, Lord Oxeter," said Lily, "I'm sure Ambrose——"

"And as for you, young lady," said his lordship, "I shall report your behaviour to your employers."

"Good," said Lily. "I should hate to be left out."

"And just a moment, Officer," said Pop, "there'll be other charges. You can book this man for attempting to obtain money under false pretences. He tried to sell me this house."

"Sell the house, sir? Did he actually ask for money?"

"He was leading up to it."

"I didn't sell it," said Ambrose. "I just couldn't stop him buying, that's all."

Lord Oxeter was looking at Pop suspiciously. He was misled by the gaiety of the American's shirt, which was the sort of thing he associated with day trippers at the rowdier resorts. Even if buyers for Ebstow were short, there were limits. The idea of this cut-rate tourist, probably the owner of a hamburger stand somewhere, actually thinking he could buy Ebstow Court! The man must be put in his place.

"Buy this house," he said scornfully. "My dear sir, do you realize it would cost you all of ten thous——"

"Twenty-five thousand pounds sterling," interrupted Ambrose. "That was the figure actually agreed on. Two, five and three noughts. Twenty-five thousand."

"Eh?" exclaimed Lord Oxeter.

"The offer stands," said Pop quickly. "I know real estate. I know what I want, and I don't haggle. Could we do business?"

"My dear sir, I——"

"I'll give you a banker's reference you can check over the telephone this minute, and a cheque for a ten per cent deposit you can change into hard cash in the morning. And I'll pay the legal charges. Twenty-five thousand clear. How about it, Lord Oxeter?"

"Well, my dear sir—if you're really serious. I'll have to consult my solicitors, of course——"

"He'll take it," said Ambrose. "Don't you worry, Pop."

"I must say," said his lordship, "it does seem quite a good offer."

"The only commission I want," Ambrose put in, "is the freehold of five acres on the main road. I know exactly where; just the right place for a nursery. Room for a bungalow and a few acres of glass."

"Commission!" cried Lord Oxeter. "You'll be damned lucky if you get away with the brandy you've stolen, Fostering."

Pop suddenly went very white with anger. "What did you say? Nobody talks to me like that."

"My dear sir, I wasn't talking to you. I——"

"You said Fostering. I heard you."

"Of course I did. That's this man's name. Fostering."

"Well, I'll be darned," said Pop. "It's mine, too. You *did* say Fostering?"

"That's right," said Ambrose. "An old Stoke Lamberville name. The family's always lived here."

"You don't know how old," said Pop. The starch went out of his face and he grinned widely, almost boyishly. "Lester K. Fostering, that's me. Can you beat it? He beamed at Ambrose. "Boy, we're relations."

"There, now," said Mom. "And do you know, I was only thinking this minute he was the spit and image of cousin Luke. When he was at college, I mean."

"Nobody here called Finch, I suppose?" asked Nicko hopefully.

"I forgive him everything," said Cora. "Of course that explains it. Naturally I recognized class, if he's in the family."

"In the name of the English branch," said Ambrose, "—that is me and my mother and my Uncle Ted and one or two more—I welcome—I welcome you back to your old home town."

"Most extraordinary thing," murmured Lord Oxeter.

"Excuse me," said P.C. 512, "but I think I'm wasting my time here."

"Ambrose," called Mom. "Now do come here and tell me about your people and what you've been doing these two hundred years."

IN a little while Lily Lancaster began to wonder whether she had any place in this party at all. Lester Fostering and Lord Oxeter were discussing terms and Ambrose and Nicko were telling the American ladies what they knew of the annals of the English Fosterings. Perhaps she'd better slip out now. Nobody would notice her go.

But Ambrose did and caught her up in the corridor.

"Come on to the terrace," he said.

There was a warm and indolent breeze lazily blowing. The great cedars of the park spread their branches in noble gestures, the sunlight spattering through their leaves on to the velvet moss. Somewhere wood pigeons were making fond and foolish mumblings.

"Lily," said Ambrose, "you must think me an awful fool. I'm sorry I dragged you into all this unpleasantness."

"Oh, not unpleasantness, Ambrose. It's had a happy ending. Especially if you get your five acres."

"Lester promised me," Ambrose said, "and he's putting it in writing. He means what he says. D'you know where they're going to be?"

"I think I can guess. That piece with a south slope by the finger-post—where the two big chestnuts are."

"How did you know?"

She laughed. "It's what comes of being a farmer's daughter, I suppose. It makes you big and horsey and gives you an eye for land."

He looked at her in utter astonishment. "I've never heard anything so ridiculous. Big and horsey? You're smaller than I am. You're—you're beautiful. You make that imitation film star in there look just nothing."

"Ambrose! Do you really think that? I thought that's what she did to *me*."

"Nobody could do that to you." Ambrose put his hand on her shoulder. "Lily, this is my day and I'm going to see how far my luck will hold. There are two sorts of nurseries and down there on my five acres it's my ambition to have one of each. You're the only woman I'd want in either of them. So—will you marry me?"

It was quite absurd, but just for a second Lily found she couldn't speak.

But she nodded her head. . . .

"After all," she said a little later, when she was able to talk and Ambrose would let her, "Fostering's obviously the right name to have in these parts."

And the pigeons went on burbling of love in the cedars. THE END

WHY?

See page 32

BECAUSE, said the judge, a restaurant is generally not liable for the loss of customers' coats, whether or not a notice is displayed. The mere fact that a coat-stand is provided does not mean that the restaurant proprietor is undertaking to take care of his customers' coats.

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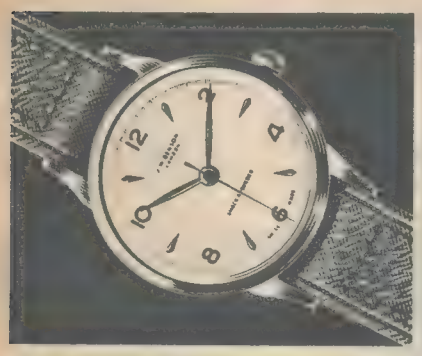

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The office of secret war

Continued from page 13

and the inhabitants of Nevers were somewhat surprised. So were the Germans. There must, they thought, be some point to the raid.

There was. On the way to Nevers the plane had passed over a large private property. As the plane flew over the middle of it a single parachute opened and a solitary figure floated down. The plane droned on to its mission over Nevers. The parachutist landed, hid his 'chute in a ditch and walked up to the great house.

The man was George Noble, the first S.O.E. agent to land on the soil of France. The house belonged to a close personal friend of a certain Major Maurice Buckmaster. . . .

In July, 1941, I took over temporary control of the Belgian section of S.O.E., leaving the French indexing in the hands of my secretary, Yveline. But not for long. In September, 1941, I was working in the office of the Belgian section when Sir Charles Hambro telephoned. "Buckmaster, how do you feel about a change of job?"

"Another one, sir?"

"Well, H.M.'s health has finally proved too much for him and he's decided to retire. We want you to take over as head of the French section—permanently."

The next day I took over, faced with an immense amount of work. As yet we had no organization, few means of having our agents received by friendly patriots or of accepting messages from them once they had landed. France was without means of speaking to us. So far we had landed only three or four agents, whose job it was not to make contact but to obtain information; they were much more "spies" than were our later agents. They included a Yorkshireman named Ben Cowburn, whose code name was Benoît.

If our impact on France was still negligible, however, our London organization was recruiting with modest zeal. My staff now numbered about eight at headquarters—my secretary, my personal assistant (the indispensable Vera Atkins), recruiting officer, briefing officer (Major Jacques de Guélis), escorting officer (for observing and reporting back on the training of our agents), signals officer and planning officer. We used every possible means of discovering men (at first they were all men) of character, courage and resolution, whose French was perfect and whose nationality was not French.

Two months had passed and we had still heard nothing from Cowburn, then one day in late September my secretary came into my room and did a most extraordinary thing. She dropped a sheaf of papers into my information "In" tray. For the first time we had information direct from France.

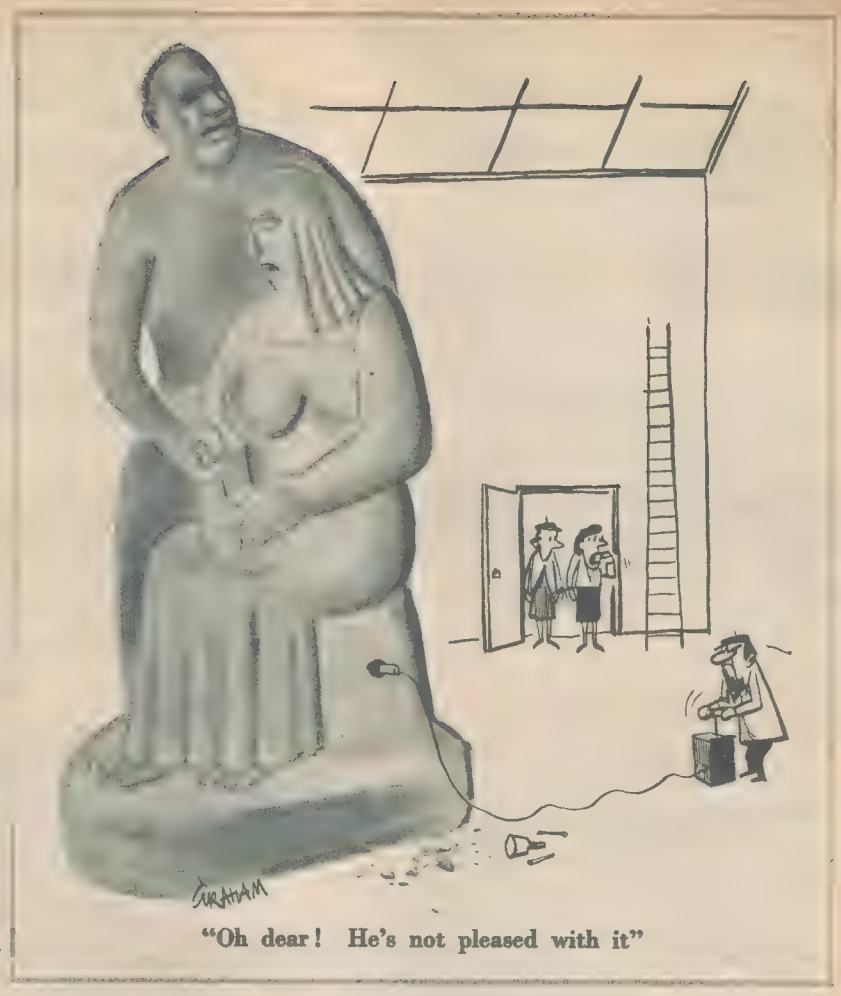
Benoît had contacts of his own in France—he had worked there for many years—and he managed to operate with great freedom and confidence. To our immense delight, he reported that nearly every Frenchman to whom he had spoken was almost recklessly willing to help our organization.

This was precisely the fillip we all needed so badly, and it gave us tremendous zest for our work. The reason we had not heard from him for so long was that he had had difficulty in getting back to Marseilles—and a certain house in the old port where a wireless operator had now been installed in an attic above a brothel.

The house in Marseilles was the agents' vital link with us. At the scheduled times—"skeds"—our operators listened, gave the call signal and listened again. At Baker Street we waited, day by day, for information.

Meanwhile our recruiting officer, Major Lewis Gielgud, was busy detecting more bilingual British of the right calibre for our work. De Guélis, the briefing officer, went through Benoît's thin report to glean as much information as he could about conditions on the other side.

About this time we extended our



"Oh dear! He's not pleased with it"

premises to include a flat in Orchard Court, Portman Square, near Marble Arch. Among other amenities, this flat sported a black tile bath-tub which was to become a legend in the service. Here we conducted our briefing operations under Major de Guélis, taking care to segregate the various agents, who were more numerous now. This was so that, even if they knew each other—they had probably been at training school together—they would have no idea of the nature of each other's missions.

In early October I called in one of the trained agents, Harry Morgan.

"How are you feeling, Harry?"

"Pretty good, sir."

"All set to go?"

"Rather!"

"Look, apart from the things briefing have told you, I want you to pay particular attention to finding out what's happened to communications from Marseilles. We haven't heard a word from anybody for more than two weeks."

BELIEF—1

To believe is to be happy; to doubt is to be wretched. Belief is power.

F. W. Robertson

That night Harry was on the plane bound for Gibraltar. Already Gaston de Valence had been parachuted into the Loir-et-Cher with his wireless operator and, taking into account Jacques Poulain, Harry Morgan and those others whom we had already landed, we should be getting some news shortly. Like a man who has backed many horses, we were confident that one of them would come up. . . .

Gaston de Valence and his wireless operator, Fernand, had landed in France in August. They had instructions to go to Paris and pick up personal contacts there—personal because at the beginning we were forced, in order to create our system of safe houses and trustworthy co-operators, to recommend friends we possessed and upon whom we knew we could rely.

They picked their way across the fields and soon found a deserted beach hut in which they were able to clean up their shoes and check their equipment. The heavy wireless set was disguised as a suitcase, and Gaston carried a large sum of money in another cheap fibre suitcase. The two men were shabbily yet respectably dressed as two *petits bourgeois*; they might have been taken for commercial travellers, and it was as such that their papers, carefully forged in a grey stucco house on the Kingston By-pass, revealed them to be.

It was dawn by the time they walked into Tours. Nobody paid them the smallest attention.

De Guélis had told them to catch the 8.48 train to Paris. They went into a café. When they left, they still had over half an hour to waste and they had no desire to loiter around the station, where there were certain to be Germans and Milice—members of the Vichy police. So they lingered on the *quai* along the Loire.

At 8.40 they presented themselves at the booking office and Gaston said: "Two to Paris, please, third class."

"But, monsieur, the Paris train has left."

"But eight forty-eight . . ." said Gaston.

"That train is cancelled, monsieur. It has been for several months."

"My timetable is out of date," Gaston said. "When is the next train?"

"The next *rapide* is not till four twenty-one this afternoon," the man replied.

An agent had to keep his sang-froid if he was to avoid betraying himself by detail. . . .

Fernand and Gaston reached Paris at ten that night, only one hour before curfew. They had only one address, in the rue des Saints-Pères.

"If we have any difficulty in getting there," Gaston said as they left the station, "we may find ourselves out after curfew. I think it would be safer to find an hotel and get on to our contact tomorrow."

"Perhaps we should separate?"

There was no time to argue. "Meet me at the entrance to the Métro station in the rue du Bac at ten tomorrow morning. Failing that I shall be there every hour on the hour till one. Be punctual. Good luck." Gaston clapped his friend on the shoulder and left him. He himself hurried on and went into a small dingy hotel.

The next morning Gaston rose early and left the hotel before any inquisitive official should come round. He made his way to within a few streets of

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the rue du Bac, so that he could make his rendezvous with Fernand at precisely ten o'clock.

At one minute to ten Gaston, having had his coffee and rolls in a café in the boulevard Saint-Germain, turned into the rue du Bac and walked towards the Métro. Two German field police walked incuriously past him. A man in a beret emerged from the Métro, stared at him and strolled away. It was exactly ten o'clock. A girl came up from the Métro. But Fernand did not appear.

It was five past ten. Gaston walked quickly down the street, crossed it and came back up the other side, keeping the Métro in sight. Ten past ten.

At a quarter past Gaston left the rue du Bac, walking confidently as if he had somewhere definite to go. But if his steps were certain his mind was not; he wondered whether he should go straight to the address in the rue des Saints-Pères and deposit his suitcase, which contained among other things more than £2,000 in French notes. If he were stopped, that might not be so easy to explain. On the other hand he wanted to be at the rue du Bac at eleven when Fernand was due.

Gaston bought a newspaper and sat down in a café to read it.

At one minute to eleven he turned once again into the rue du Bac. A man was waiting at the top of the Métro steps. But it was not Fernand.

Gaston could no longer restrain the fear which earlier he had suppressed. He hurried to the rue des Saints-Pères—to the tall, narrow apartment building in which his contact lived.

Monsieur Arpiège was a distinguished-looking man with a goatee. He had been a solicitor and was now retired. He had been a friend of de Guélis, our briefing officer, before the war.

Gaston quickly explained who he was and how he had got the lawyer's name.

Gaston arranged to leave his suitcase with Monsieur Arpiège while he himself returned to the rue du Bac. It seemed to him, as he walked quickly along the boulevard Saint-Germain, that Fernand was certainly in some sort of difficulty.

Fernand was not there at noon.

At 12.30 Gaston, dispirited and apprehensive, returned to the flat in the rue des Saints-Pères. All seemed quiet. He hurried upstairs to Monsieur Arpiège. "It looks as if my friend must have been picked up by the police—or the Germans," Gaston said. "In which case the sooner I get out of here the better; they may force him to say where he was making for."

Gaston shook the lawyer's hand, snatched up his suitcase and left the flat. It was now nearly one o'clock.

In spite of his fears, Gaston made his way once more to the rue du Bac, in case Fernand, his only link with London, should make their last rendezvous. At twenty past one he gave up. . . .

Gaston's cover story made him out to be a traveller in stationery and pencils, and he had been carefully briefed on some of the aspects of the business before he left England. But his instructions—the same as those given to our other agents—were to furnish himself with up-to-date papers as quickly as possible, preferably genuine ones.

On the left bank of the Seine at this time there were marooned many people of various nationalities — students, writers, artists and intellectuals. Gaston decided to go to earth among them.

He found temporary accommodation in a student hotel in the rue Grégoire-de-Tours, went straight up to his room. Being the first of our agents in the Paris area he had no organization into which to integrate himself; it was his job to lay the foundations of one.

There was only one thing to do—proceed with his mission as far as he could. But first he would contact his old friend Bertrand, who lived near the Jardin du Luxembourg; Bertrand might be able to give him a safe address. He went to a telephone. . . .

Half an hour later Gaston and Bertrand walked into the Café Dupont-Latin together. Gaston explained the rough purposes of his mission: "I must find somewhere to stay before anybody at the hotel gets suspicious," he said.

"Meet me at the Café Mabillon at eight thirty tonight. I'll try and fix something by then," said Bertrand.

At 8.30 Bertrand sat at the table next to Gaston's outside the Café Mabillon. At 8.35 a dark girl of about twenty-six with long, lustrous hair and large grey eyes, came and sat between them.

Bertrand said to her: "This is my friend of whom I spoke."

The girl nodded and gave her hand to Gaston, who said: "My name is Félix."

"Mademoiselle will help you. I have told her of your problem."

"Many thanks, Bertrand."

Gaston watched his friend walk away, then turned to the girl.

"I am very grateful to you, mademoiselle."

"Lucie," the girl said in a low voice. "My name is Lucie. . . ."

The bottom of the rowing-boat grated on the deserted beach. Harry Morgan narrowed his eyes as he inspected the lines of dunes. There was nobody. He gave the boatman a wave and vaulted, case in hand, on to the soft sand. He should be a mile or two from the town of St. Tropez, on the Côte d'Azur.

It was now three in the morning. He went up through a pine grove and found himself a pineboard hut where cork-cutters kept their tools. He lay down there to rest for a couple of hours.

Remembering my instructions to discover what had happened in Marseilles, Harry made straight for that city. He

Trees

by R. P. LISTER

What, the infant asked, are these,
Thin of body, broad of top,
Legs that do not bend their knees,
Single legs that do not hop?
Tell me how to call them, please.
Those, my child (he said), are trees.

What are these, so huge of head,
Wearing wigs of twiggy hair,
Sometimes green and sometimes red,
Sometimes quite completely bare?
Tell me truly, Uncle Fred.
Those, my child, are trees (he said).

What are these, so fierce and wild,
Waving each a restless arm?
Clouds about their heads are piled,
And they strike them in alarm.
Tell me, how may they be styled?
Those (he said) are trees, my child.

This is like a Turkish dome,
That is like a Gothic spire;
This is like a plastic comb,
That is like a house on fire,
This is like an angry gnome. . . .
Time (he said) I took you home.

sat comfortably in a second-class compartment as the train bore him along the rugged Provençal coastline.

In Marseilles, Harry took a room in a commercial hotel in the business district under his cover name of Monsieur Nulli, wine salesman. Casual travellers were, of course, quite unremarkable in so busy a port, and a feeling of security reassured Harry.

Nagged by a small pain in his side which he discounted as mere nerves, Harry began cautiously to question various contacts—the small lawyer whose practice was in the poorer quarter, the railwaymen who worked the shunting service along the quays and similar trustworthy people—about their willingness to join a clandestine ring. This ring was later led by a group who took the corporate name of the Palestine Express, by virtue of their Jewish origin. They did valuable work.

The house where our wireless operator was supposed to be working was at number 12 bis, rue de la Colline Noire.

The rue de la Colline Noire was a dark alley between cliffs of black houses. Harry scouted round the area, largely at night, taking drinks in the tiny *bistros* and keeping his ears open.

The pain in his side was really worrying Harry now, and he pressed his hand to it as he pushed through the knot of women at the door of number 12 bis, ignoring the cries of "Hallo, *cheri*," which greeted him.

In the shadows on the top floor was a man who asked: "*Tu viens de la part de Gaston?*"

"Yes."

"Come in, please."

Harry went past the man through the door into the attic. It was in darkness.

"I'll turn on the lights," the man behind him said, clicking the switch.

Three members of the Milice with drawn machine pistols faced Harry across the narrow attic. . . .

In Paris, Gaston de Valence considered that he had found a first-rate assistant in Lucie. She fixed a place for him to stay among people who were absolutely safe, and volunteered to help him to recruit resisters among the students and the intellectuals of the Rive Gauche. Everywhere he found enthusiastic support.

Gaston was still without means of contacting Britain. We were desperately anxious to get first-hand information from our men in the field, and the silence from France was a strain on our nerves and a dam to our progress. There was nothing we could do but wait.

At the beginning of December Gaston was talking with a contact in a flat in the boulevard Raspail when another visitor was admitted.

"This is my friend Stanislaw Raczynski," Gaston's contact said. "Stanislaw, this is Félix, a British officer."

Gaston was used by this time to these gross breaches of security, and he knew it was useless to protest about them. He shook the Pole's skinny hand.

"I am pleased to meet you," the Pole said. "I like working with the British."

"Oh, have you worked with us before?"

"I am working now with you," was the startling reply. "Our wireless operator is British."

"Really?" Gaston said. "I should like to meet this other British officer."

"But naturally. Come to the Café des Beaux Arts tonight at nine o'clock. I will take you to him."

Stanislaw Raczynski was there later in the Café des Beaux Arts, but he had disappointing news; the British officer had positively refused to meet Gaston unless he could be sure that he could be trusted.

"I simply must meet him," Gaston replied. "I'm sure I could convince him."

A series of rendezvous followed as Gaston was shuttled back and forth between the various members of the Pole's organization. There seemed to be a vast and involved mesh of officers. Interviews took place in dark cellars in front of people who were addressed as "*Mon capitaine*" and "*Mon colonel*" and even, once, "*Mon général.*"

At last Gaston was able to meet the British wireless operator; by now it was almost Christmas. The Briton was working in a tiny upstairs room in the Gobelins district, beyond the Jardin du Luxembourg. It was very cold. The operator was lying in bed.

"*Mon dieu*, am I glad to see you!" Gaston said.

The other drew his eiderdown up to his neck. Gaston guessed that there was a pistol pointing at him under it.

"You know this is all strictly against orders?" said the operator.

"Yes, I know. But I must get a message back to England."

"Whom do you work for?"

"I'm afraid I cannot tell you that."

"Look, how can I send a message if I don't know who to send it to?"

Gaston said: "The message would be for DLYM 299047—a code sign."

The operator shifted the eiderdown and smiled. "Tell me, do you go to the theatre at all?"

"Yes, a bit." Gaston frowned.

"Did you ever see that thing of Sherriff's at the Windmill in 1938?"

"The Windmill? You must have the theatre wrong."

The operator pulled aside the eiderdown to reveal the expected revolver.

"Look, what is this—they only do leg shows at the Windmill," said Gaston.

"All right." The operator, satisfied

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that Gaston was British, suddenly smiled. "I'll send your message. . . ."

Elsewhere, Harry Morgan was being handcuffed. He had the presence of mind to protest vigorously.

"I will call my lawyer," he shouted. "I'll have the law on you. You won't get away with this."

"We are the law," said the chief of the Milice. "Take him down." Harry was driven to the police headquarters.

"Now then, Monsieur Nulli, what were you doing in that house?"

"I refuse to answer any questions until I have spoken to my lawyer."

"There will be time for that," sighed the detective.

"I am a sick man. I need a doctor. My friend Gaston told me I could find one in the rue de la Colline Noire—suddenly I am arrested. Should a man be arrested for being ill?"

"What did you want in the rue de la Colline Noire?"

"A doctor. I am a——"

"You are a sick man, we understand that," the detective shouted. "How are you sick? What is wrong?"

Suddenly Harry remembered the pain in his side; at once a twinge went through him. "Here," he said, "feel this." The detective apprehensively placed his hand on Harry's side. "Can you feel it? The palpitation. It's terrible."

The "palpitation" seemed to have impressed the detective, for within half an hour a doctor arrived. "We must get you to hospital at once," was his verdict. "It is appendicitis."

Within an hour Harry was in an ambulance with the detective and the doctor on the way to Aix-en-Provence.

They arrived in Aix at four in the morning. Harry was put to bed in a private room with a guard on the door.

At eight they came for him. He was wheeled on a trolley to a waiting-room outside the operating theatre.

When the trolley had halted, the doctor and the surgeon went into the vestibule for a short consultation.

Silently Harry swung to the ground and slipped from the room. He must find some clothes.

Now he had a stroke of luck. Searching with frenzied calm for signs of discarded clothing, he saw through an open door a room which the painters used to keep their overalls and equipment. Within seconds he had slipped on a paint-stained overall and paint-drenched *espadrilles*—canvas shoes—and snatched up a pot and a ladder.

"Stop him! Stop the assassin!" Harry heard running footsteps behind him. A few seconds later he walked out of the hospital into the streets.

Finally he got aboard a train for Narbonne, a railway employee hiding him in the engine's fuse-box compartment. At Narbonne, the railwayman put him in contact with a dentist who was already involved in an escape route, and from there he was taken down to the foothills of the Pyrenees. In mid-December, in the company of a guide and still suffering the agonies of appendicitis, Harry Morgan walked over the Pyrenees into Spain. . . .

From September to the end of December, 1941, we were completely cut off from France.

In spite of the disappointing silence, however, we were recruiting with great success and more agents were being landed: we had not yet settled down to the parachute-dropping which later became the rule, but we landed men from motor torpedo boats and from feluccas, by Lysander aircraft as well as by parachute.

Their missions were still exploratory; they were not to make any bangs until we gave the word. For our part, however, we were co-operating with the Ministry of Economic Warfare in an endeavour to plot the right targets for attack when the moment came: we had to deduce what the Germans would particularly need in six months' time and place those targets first on our list.

The New Year started as gloomily as the old one had ended. Then, at four o'clock in the afternoon of January 1, 1942, my telephone rang.

"Is that Major Buckmaster?"

"Speaking."

"This is Colonel Smee. I don't suppose you know who I am. You certainly shouldn't. Look, the point is we've had a message on our wire from one of your chaps. The whole thing's a bit peculiar, because strictly speaking your chaps shouldn't know that our chaps exist at all."

"What's the name of the man you've just heard from?"

"Code name is Félix."

I knew it was Gaston. "How on earth did he get hold of your operator, whoever he is?" I asked.

"That's what worries us. It looks as if something may have gone wrong and that's why I hesitated before I rang you."

"What does Félix say?"

"His message reads: 'Fernand blown mission completed best possible await instructions suggest time come home Félix.' Our man has expressed willingness to take any message you want to send back. Frankly, we're not very keen on this sort of thing, but we'll send anything you want to send."

I was faced with the first of those

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Thomas Carlyle

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tremendously difficult decisions which were to continue and proliferate themselves as the scope of our operations grew. If we were to act on the assumption that Félix's message was genuine, and that Fernand had really been "blown" — i.e. captured by the enemy—we might run the risk of giving the Germans an insight into the way in which we were organized. On the other hand, if we were to ignore it we might be losing one of the best men we had and a source of information which at this time we needed vitally.

On consideration, it seemed to me that this message was probably genuine: the loss of Fernand would explain Gaston's long silence.

So I rang Colonel Smee back and told him that we would accept his offer and use his operator.

Meanwhile, in Paris, Gaston waited impatiently. He was now rather nervous about what he had done. Lucie, too, was uneasy about his safety.

The girl had been wonderful; she had helped Gaston to lay the foundations of several individual Paris groups, and had given him the companionship without which an agent could so easily become edgy and lose confidence.

We exchanged messages with Gaston. At first he did not mention Lucie and we did not know of her existence.

Gaston himself was getting increasingly nervous about the girl. She began to go about her tasks now with so open a defiance of the elementary rules of security that her confidence became more of a liability than a help.

One day in the middle of January Gaston was walking near the Opéra when he saw ahead of him the back view of a girl who looked like Lucie walking with a strange man. He hurried down a side street and ran on ahead of the couple to cut them off.

He loitered on a street corner ahead until they approached. Now there could be no doubt that the girl was Lucie. The man Gaston did not recognize. The couple passed him and he followed them to a tall building, in the rue des Saussaies, which Gaston knew well. It was the headquarters of the Abwehr, the German counter-espionage service.

That evening, he met Lucie as usual for dinner at a small restaurant in the rue du Dragon.

"What have you been doing today?" Gaston asked casually.

"I had my hair done."

As they left, a man sitting alone at a table reading a newspaper rose and casually sauntered after them.

Lucie and Gaston returned to her flat in the boulevard Raspail. The man followed. When they got to the flat, Gaston said to Lucie: 'How long have you been followed?"

The girl said: "Followed? What makes you think that?"

"You know as well as I do that we were followed here. What's all this about?"

"All what?"

"I saw you this afternoon. Going into Abwehr headquarters."

"I'm suspected by the Boches," the girl admitted finally. "I had to go to Abwehr headquarters. They know something about our organization; about the work we've been doing."

"And what else?" cried Gaston.

"They know about you," sobbed the girl. "They said they would shoot you if I didn't help them. That's why they're following me—to make sure I don't go back on my bargain."

"Bargain? What bargain?"

"I persuaded them to let you go back to England."

"You told them about that?"

"I had to."

Gaston said: "You fool, you silly little fool, what have you done?"

"It's our only hope. If they really believe that I'm prepared to work for them they'll let us both go back to England."

"So we're both going now?"

"You'll never get away otherwise. They want me to come back with you and work for them over there. That's the only condition on which they'll allow you to escape."

The next day we in London heard for the first time of the work which Lucie had done to help Gaston in his task. He requested that she be allowed to accompany him when we picked him up. He said that she was under suspicion and would certainly be arrested unless we helped her.

Gaston did not, of course, say a word about Lucie's treachery, for he knew that if he were to say that she was "blown" we might not be prepared to risk our men in an expedition to pick them up which might end in disaster. Nevertheless, as the messages became more and more insistent on the need to bring the girl out, we in London grew increasingly suspicious.

In Paris, Gaston was playing a dangerous game. He did not know exactly where Lucie stood now, for though he was confident of her affection for him personally, he was well aware that once the Germans got a lead they would be both subtle and ruthless in their exploitation of it.

Messages continued to pass. Several attempts were made to pick the pair up by sea, but all were frustrated.

At last a rendezvous was fixed on the coast of Brittany, a small cove near Cherbourg. Gaston was tailed day and night.

The wireless operator who sent his messages did not know of his own danger until the last one had been sent. Then Gaston warned him to clear out. We never heard if he escaped or not.

On the train which took them to Cherbourg, Lucie and Gaston were loosely escorted by Abwehr men.

ON the night of February 7, 1942, under the noses and with the eager complicity of the Germans, who fancied that they had successfully introduced an agent into the very heart of our organization, Gaston de Valence, known as Félix, and Lucie Huisman, known as La Tigresse, were taken off by one of His Majesty's motor torpedo boats and brought back to England.

I had kept the proper authorities posted about my view of the whole affair and my growing conviction that La Tigresse was a German double agent. Gaston was brought straight to me. I interrogated him for a long time. Naturally he insisted that Lucie had acted with great coolness in duping the Germans for so long with the story that she would work for them. He pointed out that the girl had been an immense help to him.

But in fact the whole matter was largely out of my hands: it was up to another branch of the service what happened to Lucie.

Gaston himself was, of course, absolutely trustworthy and later returned to France on another mission. Lucie suffered what may now seem to be out of all proportion to her fancied crime, but we could not take any risks. She was locked up for the duration.

So ended the story of the tigress who tried to walk alone.

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BGP3 9035

Raffles and the doctor's defence

Continued from page 23

her evening bag, and rose to her feet. Major Gilbert, who had won nothing, followed his wife, and Lord Skene gauntly accompanied the Gilberts from the table.

Raffles glanced across the room. "Bryce seems preoccupied, Bunny," he said. "Shall we get a breath of air?"

The Casino gardens were a jigsaw of starlight and shadows as we followed Skene and the Gilberts.

"Bunny," Raffles said, "if that woman and her husband aren't wrong 'uns, my instinct is not what it used to be. I think we owe it to ourselves to find out something about them, because if they're wrong 'uns they might—with diamonds like that—be worth our attention."

Not far from the Casino gardens the little party ahead of us paused before massive doors set in a white wall. Skene unlocked the doors and the trio passed inside. We strolled on by. A fine old mansion loomed above the wall. At the angle of the outer wall was a black opening. It was an alley. We faded into the darkness.

A narrow door showed blackly in the white wall to our right. "Side door to the Quinta Skene garden," Raffles whispered. "Might as well have a look round." He tried the door. "Not locked," he said. "Good. Come on."

We found ourselves in a garden at the side of the house. Raffles pointed upward at a lighted first-floor window.

There was a tall shadow on the blind; Lord Ivor Skene's shadow. His voice was inaudible to us, but he seemed to be talking, gesturing with his cigar. A second shadow appeared, facing him. Casilda Gilbert's shadow. The woman's hands were raised to her nape. She took off her necklace, handed it to Skene. He moved from view with it.

"Carried it to the lamp for a closer look," Raffles hazarded. "Are the Gilberts trying to sell it to him? Hallo, here comes Gilbert. . . ."

The major's shadow was handing a glass to his wife's. Then Skene's shadow returned to view.

"Giving her the necklace back," Raffles whispered. "No sale. Telling 'em a thing or two, by the look of it."

The woman gave her husband her glass. Her hands were at her nape as she put on her necklace again. She took her glass back. Skene's shadow raised a glass. The glasses of the other two went up. All three shadows, quite obviously, were drinking a toast.

"To what?" Raffles breathed. "Bunny, I'd give a lot to know. . . ."

Not long after, we watched Mrs. Gilbert and her husband walk down to the nearby waterfront, where they took a boat out to the Karroo Star. . . .

Over dinner the following night we discussed the situation.

"It won't wash, Bunny," Raffles said. "Casilda Gilbert had just had a thumping good win in the Casino. Why, then, try to sell her necklace? Furthermore, what the devil were they toasting? D'you know the notion I can't get out of my mind? The notion that we saw the shadows of *two* necklaces on that blind last night, not one."

I stared at him, and he went on: "Casilda Gilbert took off her necklace and gave it to Skene. Skene examined it, moved from view with it. The other two stood watching him. What were they watching him do? I can't rid myself of the notion that they were watching him open a safe, put the necklace in it, take out a duplicate necklace, which we then saw him hand to Casilda Gilbert, who put it on and covered it with her scarf. After which they all three drank a toast together. A toast to what? Surely to some enterprise in which they're mutually engaged."

"But if the Gilberts are wrong 'uns," I said, "and Skene was giving them orders, as it seemed, that'd make him the boss wrong 'un. A man in his position? No, really!"

"Bunny," Raffles said softly, "can you imagine a more perfect cover for some imaginative criminal than that of social leader of the winter colony in Madeira? Such a man could sit here and move his agents like pawns about the world." He refilled our glasses.

"If my notion has anything in it," he said, "Casilda Gilbert's necklace of very fine diamonds is in Lord Ivor Skene's safe. To get hold of it would in no way give us the truth about Lord Ivor Skene. On the other hand, if the Gilberts are two of his agents, to follow the necklace now about Casilda Gilbert's lovely throat might be illuminating."

I was aware of the slow thump in my heart as I met his eyes.

"Are you game to sail in the Karroo Star tomorrow?" said A. J. Raffles. . . .

We sailed accordingly. And, long before the mountains of Madeira had fallen from sight astern, we sought out Dr. Hal Nares. We found him in a cabin. He was a big, good-looking young chap, blue-uniformed, with candid blue eyes and a golden beard.

"I grew it since I joined the ship," he told us, with a grin. "It gives the woman patients confidence, you know."

"Talking of women," said Raffles, "what a brilliant creature Casilda Gilbert is! Bryce pointed her out to us in the Casino."

The young doctor's face darkened.

"Don't talk to me about that hellcat," he said. "I detest the very sight of her. Flashing her damned diamonds about. Yelling for her stewardess every other minute. 'Ames, Ames, where *are you*, Ames?' I could cheerfully strangle her for the way she's treated Ellen, the whole way from Cape Town."

Very decently, Nares got us places at the table he himself presided over in the dining-saloon. The Gilberts were at the captain's table. I saw the flash and sparkle of Casilda Gilbert's ear-rings as she made her entrance that evening, but she did not put back her chiffon scarf and I could only just detect that she was wearing her necklace.

About beef-tea time next morning, Raffles and I were sunning ourselves at the rail when Hal Nares came striding towards us with his black bag in his hand and his beard split from ear to ear by a broad grin.

"What d'you think?" he said. "I've just come from treating Mrs. Gilbert."

"What did you treat her to?" said Raffles. "Something fatal?"

"Only a harmless sedative," Hal said. "She thinks she picked up a touch of Madeira fever while ashore in Funchal. Pure imagination. Still, I've got to look in on her again after lunch."

"Bunny," said Raffles, as Nares strode off, "if Mrs. Gilbert's been given a sedative, we'll allow time for it to put her to sleep, then we'll drift below for a wash before lunch. Major Gilbert hasn't stirred from his steamer-chair, along the deck there, since breakfast-time. There might be half a chance, if Mrs. Gilbert's asleep, for a closer look at that necklace."

Unfortunately, when presently we drifted down the stairs to the A deck, it was no sleeping beauty that we found. The Gilberts' cabin was an inside cabin in a beamships alleyway. From the stairs we could see the cabin door, which was on the hook.

"Ames! Ames!" Casilda Gilbert's voice was clamouring. "Where's my tea? Ames, do you *hear* me?"

At that moment a young stewardess came hurrying, carrying a tea-tray. She looked pretty and flustered.

"You're for it, Ellen," said the motherly stewardess who was standing near the cabin. "She hasn't half been creating."

"Well, honestly, Mattie," said Ellen Ames, "what does she expect? Asking for tea and biscuits just when the galley's dishing up luncheon."

That afternoon Raffles and I were reclining in steamer-chairs on the promenade deck when a sudden jar and tremor went through the ship. The

BELIEF—3

All ages of belief have been great; all of unbelief have been mean.

R. W. Emerson

engines slowed down, running footsteps thudded along the boat-deck above us, orders were shouted, davits swung a boat outboard. Joining the passengers thronging the rail, we watched the manned boat lowered to the water. Beside the coxswain in the stern-sheets sat young Dr. Nares with his black bag.

"Portuguese sardiner out there," volunteered a man beside us at the rail. "Flying the signal 'Request medical assistance.' An officer just told us."

Oar-blades dipped and lifted as the boat drew away towards the sardiner. We watched it go alongside and Dr. Nares scramble aboard. It was the best part of half an hour before he returned to the Karroo Star.

"We'll ask Hal about it at dinner time, Bunny," Raffles said.

THAT evening, however, the doctor's chair at the head of our table remained conspicuously unoccupied. Raffles's eyes were speculative as he glanced round the saloon. "Captain, purser, doctor," he murmured, "all absent from their tables tonight. Something queer going on, Bunny. We'll drop along after dinner and see if Hal's in his cabin. Might learn something."

There was a light in the doctor's cabin when we knocked on the door. "Come in," his voice called.

He was sitting at his roll-top desk in a cloud of pipe-smoke. His bronzed forehead was furrowed, but his eyes lightened as he saw us.

"I'm glad you chaps came along," he said. "I need someone to discuss this with. That hellcat Casilda Gilbert's diamonds have been stolen, and she's accusing Ellen and me."

He rumpled his hair and beard distractedly. "You know I gave Casilda Gilbert a sedative this morning. I left a second dose, to be taken an hour later, and was to look in on her again after lunch. I did so, and I found her asleep. I took her pulse—not her diamonds, dammit—and I left her.

"About six this evening Mattie came to fetch me to the Gilberts' cabin. Seems Mrs. Gilbert was in hysterics and accusing Ellen of stealing her diamonds. At once Mrs. Gilbert accused me of being in league with Ellen. Said we'd been seen whispering, thick as thieves, in dark corners all the way from Cape Town, and she said that not a living soul but Ellen and me had been in or out of her cabin all day.

"She was beside herself. She brandished the chain of the necklace in our faces, and the diamonds were gone, sure enough, gouged out of their soft gold setting."

"What did you do?" Raffles asked.

"I sent at once for the purser, chief steward and master-at-arms," Hal said. "The whole thing was flogged out there and then. She had her necklace at mid-morning. She's a vain, brilliant kind of woman and, when she sent Ellen to fetch me, it seems she was primping up a bit in her bunk and putting on her ear-rings, and her jewel-case was open and Ellen admits she caught a glimpse of the necklace in it then. Mattie says she saw it, too."

His hands shook as he relighted his pipe. "There's always a steward or stewardess hanging about near the cabin. They've been questioned, and the whole day's covered. Mrs. Gilbert never once left the cabin, and Major Gilbert—they don't get on too well—never went near it from the time he left it for breakfast. Only Ellen and I entered the damned cabin.

"The worst of it is, Ellen and I were both in there after lunch, when she was asleep. I took her pulse, as I've said. Just after, Ellen went in to tidy up a bit, quietly, and to take away the tea-tray she'd had in lieu of lunch."

"Has the cabin been searched?"

"By experts," Hal said. "The purser, chief steward and master-at-arms went over every inch of it. It's an inside cabin. No porthole. The ventilator has a fine mesh grille, and the paint on the screws shows it can't possibly have been tampered with.

"This is an old ship. Every drop of water is fetched and carried by the stewards and stewardesses. The cupboarded slop-pails under the turn-up basins are emptied by them. Mrs. Gilbert insisted on being searched herself, by Mattie. No diamonds."

"Hal," Raffles said, "what was the trouble aboard the sardiner?"

"That? Oh, nothing. Fisherman with a touch of colic, convinced that his stomach ache was a symptom of some terrible disease." He rumpled his wild hair and beard again. "Ellen and her things have been searched. Nothing found, but she's confined to her quarters. I insisted on my own person and quarters being searched. Nothing found, of course. But if Ellen and I are innocent—and we *are*—then what has happened to those diamonds?"

Just then a knock sounded on the door and a steward looked in. "Captain's compliments, Doctor," he

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said, "and he'd be obliged if you could spare him a moment."

Raffles rose, offering his hand. "Hal," he said, "I want you to look on Manders and me as counsel for the defence. We'll put our heads together."

He smiled reassuringly, but there was no smile on his face when we reached our own cabin.

"Now we know, Bunny," he said, "that Lord Ivor Skene is a crafty weaver of insurance swindles that deliberately involve innocent people."

"Insurance?" I said.

"What else can this be?" Raffles said. "It's obvious. Skene provided the Gilberts with that very fine necklace, for them to insure heavily and then travel with it from Cape Town, with Casilda flashing it on the ship for everyone to see. At Funchal, Skene took back the necklace and provided a duplicate. The duplicate stones have now been 'stolen' and the Gilberts will claim as for the real ones. And because of one very cunning incident, Bunny, the insurance company will have no option but to pay up."

"What incident?" I said.

"The incident," said Raffles, "of the distressed sardiner. You see, one or two small points—notably that of the 'thief' bothering to remove the stones from their setting—might make the insurance people uneasy about the claim. But consider. *After* Hal Nares was in Casilda's cabin, *he left this ship.*

"When the inquiries start, that point will come up. Who entered Casilda's cabin while she was asleep? Dr. Nares. Who goes regularly on this run and therefore could have confederates in any port of call? Dr. Nares. Who, therefore, could have arranged for the sardiner to appear where it did at the time it did? Dr. Nares. Whose sole word is there for the presence of a man with stomach pains aboard the sardiner? Dr. Nares's. Who then could have stolen the diamonds and conveyed them to confederates aboard the sardiner? Dr. Nares.

"To anyone but you and me, Bunny, the case against Hal is so plausible that the insurance company will be obliged to settle. Which'll put Hal Nares in the criminal dock."

"Without a leg to stand on!"

He gave me a strange look. "With two legs to stand on," he corrected. "You and me. Counsel for the doctor's defence. *We* know who planned this conspiracy. I've no doubt Lord Ivor Skene, sitting there in Funchal, has agents—like the Gilberts—carrying out his schemes all over the world's liner routes. He fishes with deep sea hooks."

"What are we going to do?" I asked.

"Bunny," he said, "we've got to find a way to demonstrate how the stones from Casilda Gilbert's necklace vanished from her cabin. . . ."

The next morning, Raffles was not at breakfast. The ship, close in to the coast of Portugal, was approaching the Tagus. I hunted all over the ship, but it was not until beef-tea time that I felt a touch on my arm.

"Been looking for me?" Raffles said. "Sorry, Bunny. I've been busy in the ship's laundry, making an experiment. Look here, the Gilberts are in their cabin at the moment. Care to come down and help me to interview them? Try to look a bit grim."

His own face was expressionless as he tapped on the door of the cabin. The door was opened by Major Gilbert.

"Morning, Major," Raffles said. "We've some information concerning your wife's unfortunate loss. Would it be convenient to receive us?"

Gilbert's eyes flickered. Then he motioned us to enter. The cabin, having no porthole, was lamplit. Casilda Gilbert, fully dressed and looking her most brilliant, was seated with rigid hauteur on one of the bunks.

"What *is* this information?" she demanded.

"It would be best discussed," Raffles said, "over a quiet cup of tea. I've taken the liberty of ordering——"

A knock sounded on the door.

"Permit me," said Raffles. Opening the door, he took a tray from the motherly stewardess, Mattie. "Tea and biscuits," he said. "Thank you."

Never had I seen such expressions as those on the faces of the Gilberts as Raffles set down the tray.

"We'll get straight to business," Raffles said. "Yesterday, Mrs. Gilbert, you ordered Ellen Ames to bring you a tea-tray in lieu of luncheon. When Ellen had gone, you removed the stones from your necklace—the substitute necklace handed to you at Funchal by Lord Ivor Skene."

I saw Gilbert go white. Casilda's light, vivid eyes opened wide.

"You dropped the stones," Raffles said, "into the hot-water jug on your tea-tray. I now take from my pocket a handful of faintly blue, somewhat diamond-like, faceted stones—similar to those of which you permitted Ellen and Mattie only the most fleeting glimpse in your jewel-case yesterday morning. I'll take two of these stones, and do with them what you did with all yours, Mrs. Gilbert."

He lifted the lid of the hot-water jug and dropped in the two stones.

"Having dropped your stones into the hot-water jug, Mrs. Gilbert," Raffles said, "you took the second dose of sedative left for you by Dr. Nares and you went peacefully to sleep."

"Who are you?" Gilbert said hoarsely.

"It's of no consequence," Raffles said. "Fortunately for you, the principal for whom we act is interested only in one man—Lord Ivor Skene. He is not interested in the immediate prosecution of small fry employed by Skene."

He picked up the hot-water jug, gave it a slight swirl.

"When Stewardess Ames carried away your tea-tray yesterday, Mrs. Gilbert," he said, "she naturally emptied the tea-pot and hot-water jug into the appropriate receptacle in the first-class galley. I shall make use of your washstand instead."

He lifted the lid of the boxed-in washstand, turned the jug upside down over it. The steaming water gushed into the bowl. No stones gushed with it. Raffles gave the jug a shake. It was empty.

"*That*, Mrs. Gilbert," said Raffles, "is what really happened to your 'stolen diamonds.' Now, take careful note. Lord Ivor Skene will shortly be the subject of extradition proceedings. In your own interests, you would be well advised to have no further communication with him."

He took out his watch, glanced at it.

"The ship is now entering Tagus roads," he said. "When the anchor goes down off Lisbon, you will go ashore by the first tender. You will be given four clear hours. At the end of that time, this demonstration will be repeated in the captain's cabin."

We walked out. Raffles closed the door. "Come on, old boy," he said. "Writing room. Quick."

The writing room proved to be deserted. "Now, while I write a note, here are four more of those stones. Put 'em in an envelope for me. Touch one of 'em to your tongue, if you like."

Gingerly, I did so. The hair stirred on my scalp. "Soda!" I exclaimed.

"I spent a lot of time in the laundry," said Raffles, "making these stones. I dropped chunks of soda into lukewarm water with a blue bag. When the chunks had become very slightly tinted with blue, I fished them out, filed them down to shape and faceted them with a nail-file, and worked up quite a high shine on them with a bit of velvet.

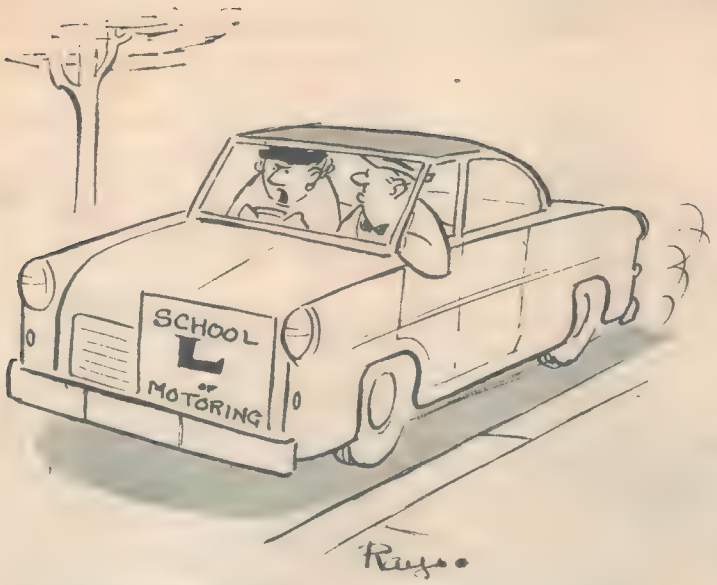
"I don't know exactly what the false stones in Casilda Gilbert's necklace were made of, but I felt it had to be something of the kind. My stones aren't too bad, are they? As you saw, there's not enough blue in such stones to tint the water in the hot-water jug."

With a plunge and a roar, the anchor

BELIEF—4

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.

C. C. Colton



"Natter, natter, natter . . . you're worse than my husband"

went down. "We must hurry," said Raffles. "I'm writing to the captain to say that, investigating on Hal's behalf, we stumbled on a theory. We tackled the Gilberts, but they fenced too cleverly for us. We were investigating further when we found they'd left the ship, so we've gone after them. Meantime, I tell him, here are four of the stones we concocted to test our theory, and will he please drop 'em in some good hot water." He chuckled.

"Finally," he said, "I add that we shall give this note to a messenger ashore, with instructions to bring it out on the last tender to the ship before she sails. And that's that." He tucked the letter into the envelope with the stones. "The note and the stones," he said, "coupled with the confession of guilt implicit in the Gilberts' flight, will clear Hal and Ellen."

He rose from his chair. "I think we can now safely say, Bunny, that the defence rests. We'll see that the Gilberts get off on the first tender. We'll then, ourselves, go ashore on the second tender. . . ."

The Karroo Star must just about have been arriving at Tilbury, three days later, when Raffles and myself, aboard a small Portuguese liner, saw once more the lights of Funchal.

We went ashore at once and headed straight for the Casino. The evening's play was at its height as we strolled casually through the warm and opulent rooms.

At his favourite roulette table sat Lord Ivor Skene. He was whispering confidentially in the ear of a beautiful young woman who sat beside him.

"Off we go, Bunny," said Raffles.

We entered the garden of the Skene villa by the door from the alley. While Raffles climbed to the first-floor window of the room where we had witnessed the shadow play which had proved to be the key to the whole conspiracy, I kept *cave* in the garden.

It was perhaps twenty minutes before Raffles dropped soundlessly from the balcony and rejoined me.

"Very satisfactory, Bunny," he said, as we walked away. "I hope you agree that we were fully justified in coming back to here to collect the true blue diamonds. I have the swag in my pocket. There were also one or two other items in the safe. Our best haul for years. And the beauty of it is, this master insurance swindler will be in no position either to inform the police or claim any insurance."

I had to laugh. "I'd like to see his face when he finds his safe empty."

"Not quite empty, Bunny," said Raffles. "You know, under his arrogant façade, Lord Ivor Skene is probably, like most imaginative swindlers, a bundle of nerves. When he finds what I left in his safe, I feel confident that he'll bolt out of this little Eden of Madeira and lie low for a long time."

"What did you leave in his safe?" I said, mystified.

He chuckled.

"The rest of my home-made blue diamonds," said A. J. Raffles. THE END

Greek fire

Continued from page 28

have waked you so early but for phoning your maid."

"Have you looked out?"

"Yes. There's someone watching the house."

"What? Who is it—the police?"

"No. Zachari. One of the men E.M.O. hires. I first saw him with Mandraki the night before Juan Tolosa was run down."

"So you were right."

"They may be watching only so they can follow you when you go out."

"I must telephone Edda."

He left her while she got up. When she came out of the bedroom, she said: "I've given her two days off. She knows about George's death."

"I'll make breakfast while you have your bath."

By the time she was dressed, he had breakfast ready. They ate, speaking little. Presently Anya got up and switched the radio on. They listened as the news came through.

"Progress is being made in the search for the international spy who is wanted for the murder of George Lascou. All available police have been allocated to this task, and Major Kolono, who is in charge of the investigation, stated that an arrest could be expected shortly. The assassin is described as of medium height, fluent in Greek, about thirty years of age. . . . All Athens is shocked and horrified by this dastardly crime which robs the political scene of one of its most popular figures. . . ."

Anya switched it off and ran her hands up and down her arms as if to suppress a shiver. Vanbrugh touched her hand.

"What are you going to do today?"

"Madame Lindos is entirely to be trusted?"

"She's an old woman. She mustn't be caught up in this. . . . Anya, what made you go to see her yesterday?"

"I thought you had gone. I thought I wanted to know more about you."

Before he could say anything the front door bell rang. . . .

It was the occupant of the flat below Anya's. He said: "Oh, good day, Mademoiselle Stonaris, I didn't know if your maid would be in yet. I'm glad to see I haven't disturbed you, but I had to tell you about the water."

"Water, Monsieur Voss?"

"Yes. I woke about twenty minutes

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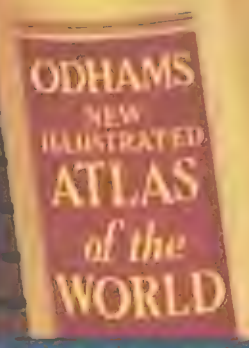

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ago and could hear the dripping. *Tap, tap, tap,* it went. Then, when I got up, I found a pool on my bathroom floor. It appears to be coming from a corner by the hot-water pipes. Have you a leak?"

"No."

"I feel it must come from up here. Could you make sure? It's leaking quite fast."

"Of course. Will you wait in here a moment?"

She showed her neighbour into the little vestibule. Then she slipped quickly through the empty living-room into the bathroom. Vanbrugh was in there.

"You heard?"

"Yes. There's no leak here."

She glanced under the bath. He stayed her with fingers on her arm. "I may have damaged something last night in the man-hole."

She went out. "I'm very sorry, Monsieur Voss. There seems to be nothing, but I'll look round and phone you."

"Thank you. Thank you."

She showed him out and went back to the bathroom. Vanbrugh said: "There's nothing to see here."

They went into the maid's bedroom and pulled the chest away. He opened the manhole and wriggled part way in.

"Yes, it's here."

"Much?"

"There's a split at the joint. I must have done it when I forced a way in."

She crouched beside him. "Can you stop it?"

"It's iron. You can't mend it without tools. I might try wrapping it with cloth."

He tried. "That's no good," he said. "It'll have to be a plumber."

"I don't like it." She squatted on her heels and frowned.

"It will be better than having the man downstairs complaining."

"I shall have to wait in until he comes."

"Maybe not. Go out and do what you want to do and phone the plumber when you come back. In the meantime, if I can have a good supply of old rags, I can keep it under control for an hour or two."

Anya phoned a soothing message to Monsieur Voss, changed into a black frock and went out. She said: "Don't answer the door. Don't answer the phone. I don't think anyone will come."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I don't know yet at all."

When she had gone the flat was suddenly foreign and empty. Anya had opened the windows and pulled up the blinds. It was necessary to give any watchers the appearance of naturalness; but it restricted Vanbrugh's movements to the far side of the rooms and even made these undesirable. When the sun came round this afternoon, it would be right to let the jalousies down again.

IN a corner on the opposite side of the street, a thin, dark, sneering young man with a drooping bow tie and a petulant mouth shifted from one elegant leg to the other and spat. Vanbrugh saw him and knew that he had not followed Anya.

The leak took most of his time. In the end he let it run and devised a series of basins and cups to catch most of the water.

Once he cast about the flat for the Lascou letters he had brought, but in the panic of last night Anya had either hidden them securely or burned them. Once the telephone rang. It went on insistently, and after a minute he went to the window and peered out. Zachari was gone. He waited there till the phone stopped; then presently the watcher came back to his post.

The little Limoges clock with the blue and gilt face struck ten and then half-past. Opening the escritoire to put away a book, he saw a roll of strong transparent tape and thought that even yet there might be a chance of saving a plumber. He went back and pushed the basins aside to see if he could bind over the split.

With his head and part of his body inside the hole he had no chance of hearing someone come into the flat and then into the room behind him.

"What is it you are doing here?"

He slid quickly out and sat up to stare at a short, thick-set woman in a linen coat and white shoes. He swallowed saliva in his throat and coughed. "I didn't hear you come in."

"Who are you? What is it you are doing there?"

"What business is it of yours?" Her halting Greek had given him a lead. But he wanted to be quite sure.

"I'm Mademoiselle Stonaris's maid. Where is she?"

"She's just gone out. D'you want her?"

"I come to pick something up. I do not expect. . . . What is gone wrong?"

He was in his shirt-sleeves, and even the old Gladstone bag he had bought was on the floor behind him, lending the right colour to the idea. "There's a leak. The man downstairs called me in. Name of Voss. It's coming through in his bathroom."

The surprise was leaving her. "I come for a dress. It so happen to be in here."

"All right."

She took a black frock from the wardrobe and then, out of a drawer, a few things she didn't let him see.

Then she moved to the door and went out. But she didn't leave the flat. He thought she was just slightly suspicious and uncertain and was perhaps looking round to see if anything had been disturbed.

He heard her moving about in Anya's bedroom, then in the kitchen. He picked up a piece of old piping left on the floor of the man-hole and began to tap one of the other pipes with it.

He picked up his piece of pipe and went out into the *sala*. She was not there, but the first thing he noticed was this morning's *Aegis* face upwards on the piano with his own photograph staring at the ceiling. He could not touch it, not even to turn it over.

He went into the kitchen but she wasn't there. She came quickly and suspiciously out of the bathroom as he opened the nearest drawer, bending his head over it.

"Yes?"

"Have you a small spanner?"

She hadn't yet recognized him. "Do you not have your own tools?"

"My spanner's too big."

"There are a few things in that cupboard."

He opened the door of it and rummaged about. He took out a pair of pliers. "These may do. Thanks."

She stood aside to let him pass. He went into the *sala* with the paper staring from the piano, and thence to the spare room. As he did so he heard a key in the outer door of the flat.

He couldn't greet her as she came in, to warn her and explain, but he stood just within the door where she could see him as she went past, and clinked the pipe with pliers.

She came through the double doors and began to speak; but stopped in time.

"*Edda!* What are you doing here?"

"Ma'am, I have the need for my black dress. So I came up for it. You do not mind? It is my best dress and I have the wish to visit my brother. And then I find this plumber here." The voice was lowered. "I think perhaps it is best. . . ."

"Yes, of course. . . ." Anya came to the door of the spare room. "Have you nearly finished?"

Vanbrugh raised his head and they looked at each other. There was a glint of irony in his eye. "About ten minutes, I expect, ma'am. I've just to tighten the joint."

"I see. . . . All right, Edda, everything will be all right now."

When the door was shut, Anya leaned back against it and stared at Vanbrugh. "You were in there when she came?"

"Yes, I never heard her."

Anya opened the paper she carried and put it beside *Aegis*. "They all have the photo. And you see now there's a reward. . . ."

It was a copy of *Tolmi*, the principal newspaper of the E.M.O. party. Peter's photograph occupied three-quarters of the front page. Under it was a headline in red offering 25,000 drachmae for information which would lead to the discovery of the criminal.

"Jon Manos is behind this," she said. "Manos and the other E.M.O. people. It is enough to make every man look at his neighbour."

"What have you been doing?" he asked.

"I have seen Madame Lindos. Also I called in and ordered the plumber. He is coming round at once. I have bought some food. Also I went to Heracles House, to George's flat."

"You've done a lot."

SHE began to pull off her gloves. "The—funeral is this afternoon. I must go."

"Of course."

"Where will you hide while the plumber is here?"

"In your bedroom? He may want to go in the bathroom."

"Well, go in there now, will you? He may be here any minute."

Vanbrugh took his bag to her room. He found her peering slant-wise through her blind.

"There is someone in the flat on the opposite side of the street. . . . It may not be anybody; one comes to suspect. . . ." She lowered the blind a little.

"You saw Sophia Lindos?"

"Yes. But I think you will have to stay here another thirty-six hours. There is nothing yet settled."

Before he could say anything the door-bell rang.

"It will be the plumber," she said. "While he is here I will do some telephoning and try to get a meal ready."

She went out, closing the bedroom door. Vanbrugh heard her talking to the plumber, and then she telephoned.

Behind the blinds of the room on the opposite side of the street someone moved. In the street below Zachari had apparently gone. The plumber began to knock.

Anya slipped into the bedroom. "Half an hour. I have spoken again to Jon Manos and also to Madame Lascou. It was necessary, you understand. Also I must have your passport when I go out."

They were talking in whispers, her face close to his but her expression very distant. Once her breath fanned his cheek.

He said rather quietly: "Anya, I want to talk to you."

"About what?"

"About this." He drew her against him and kissed her quietly on the mouth. She shook her head for a second or so after their lips touched. The plumber continued to hammer. Then she slid away, put the back of her hand up to her mouth and looked at him.

"You don't suppose that solves anything?"

"Not on its own. It will in time."

She turned her darkest glance on him, half smiled, half shrugged, her eyes slipping over him. Her fingers closed round his for a second and then she left the room again.

Time passed. Zachari's replacement was Mandraki. Peter felt a prickling

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Cicely Courtneidge

I ALWAYS liked a proper English tea in my dressing-room after a matinée, and one day in 1925, after a performance of *By-the-Way*, I had as my guest an elderly aunt who had come to London to see the show. We were just settling down when a messenger arrived and told me that Her Royal Highness Princess Arthur of Connaught had been in the audience and would very much like to come backstage to have tea with me, as she had done on a previous occasion.

The announcement threw my aunt into a panic, but the next moment the Princess arrived, took off her coat and hat, and joined us for tea. Fortunately it included that day a delicious almond gateau covered with lemon icing. My aunt helped me to serve the tea, and then subsided into a chair. It was a very pleasant party. The Princess was charming, talking gaily and informally, and even managing to put my poor aunt at her ease. I was extremely sorry when she had to go to another appointment.

A few moments after we had said goodbye there was a knock on the door and the Princess was back, looking for her hat. The next moments were truly horrific. As soon as my aunt moved to help search for the hat, I saw it—on the chair in which she had been sitting.

The Princess thought it terribly funny, took the battered object and, turning to my aunt, assured her with the greatest charm that she had not liked the hat very much anyway. Then she departed, carrying it in her hands.

No matter how hard I tried to put things right, my aunt never got over this.

Here is a recipe for Almond Gateau

Ingredients: ½ lb. almond paste; six egg yolks; 7 oz. cornflour; 2 oz. butter; one grated lemon rind; a little water.

Add egg yolks, one at a time, to the almond paste and mix well. Melt the butter and mix well in, then add the grated lemon peel. Mix the cornflour to a thick paste with a drop of water and when smooth, add to the other mixture and stir well.

Put into a greased and floured baking tin and cook in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

When the gateau is cold, cover it with icing flavoured with a little lemon juice, and decorate the top with roasted almonds.

of the skin when he saw him. The plumber took longer than he had said, as plumbers always do.

At last there was more conversation in the *sala*, and at last Anya came back. She smiled at him. "He's gone. And our lunch is ready. . . ."

Going down the stairs, the plumber fingered the penknife he'd found in the man-hole. He wasn't a thief, but it seemed a handy little thing and he'd lost his own a few weeks ago. Besides, there was nothing to prove that it belonged to the wonderful-looking girl who had called him in. It might have lain on the floor for months and have belonged to some previous owner.

At least he thought that until he took it out of his pocket in the bright light of the street and read the inscription on it. It ran: *Presented with the proud compliments of "Aegis" on the 50th Anniversary of its foundation.* He had to stare twice at the date which followed, because it didn't seem to make sense that it should be today's date. But there it was.

He went home. He had no more calls booked for that day. His wife was out, so he was able to sit down and enjoy his daily paper without interruption.

He read: "The murderer was last seen at a ceremony held to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the newspaper *Aegis*, from whose offices he made his escape on being recognized."

The paragraph puzzled the plumber. He took out the penknife he had found and stared at it, and then read the paragraph again. . . .

The funeral was at four. Anya got back at eight. She said: "I have come now from Madame Lindos. And I have seen several other people."

He waited, but didn't speak.

"Madame Lindos thinks she can fix it for Friday. You know Nafplion?"

"On the Peloponnese? I've been near it."

"It is a small harbour. There are fishing boats. Madame Lindos has a friend there. I shall have to go out again tomorrow morning to get your new passport."

Peter said: "If you can do all this for me in a day, I wonder what you could do in a lifetime."

She looked down abruptly, and all he saw were the lashes and the long pale eyelids, but she didn't reply. . . .

They were about halfway through supper when Jon Manos called. They had made the same preparations as at midday against a surprise. Nothing of Peter's was in the *sala* except the plate from which he was eating, his wine glass, a slice of bread.

Manos came in, hair-oiled and smelling of roman hyacinth.

"My dear, I hoped you wouldn't have started—it's early yet and I've found a new place in Ekali—very quiet, we could dine privately. . . ."

"Thank you, Jon, but I've almost finished. In any case it is more fitting for me. . . ."

"I understand how you feel. The formal rites this afternoon. E.M.O. did very well at short notice."

Manos paced across the room lighting a cigarette. He said: "Now the E.M.O. leadership will devolve on me. That's certain. It's not impossible that you're looking at a future Prime Minister of Greece."

Anya said abruptly: "Has anything been seen of the man who—did this thing?"

"Vanbrugh?" Manos's eyes became smaller and colder. "You knew him well, didn't you?"

Anya shrugged. "I knew him. Because George asked me to, I made a friend of him."

"He regretted that later, didn't he?"

"Who, George? I don't think so."

"Well, he will be caught—I've no doubt at all."

Anya picked up a plate and put it over another, slid her used knife and fork on to them. "Forgive me, Jon, I think I am going to bed soon. All this has greatly upset me. . . ."

"Of course." Smiling with his teeth and talking all the time, he allowed her to see him to the door.

When Anya returned, Vanbrugh was in the living-room. "You heard?" she asked.

"A good deal of it." In silence they cleared away the things. Then she washed up and he wiped.

After a minute he said: "Was it true, what you told Manos, that you allowed me to make the running on instructions from George?"

"Not instructions. But he thought it a good thing."

"I see."

She said: "And did you first make the running with me, as you call it, to find out more about him?"

"Yes."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

He said: "I think we've come rather a long way in a week. By the time we left for Delphi I was in love with you."

"But you—went on helping this Spanish girl?"

"It was something I'd promised her —and myself—before I even met you."

She stopped. "I asked that out of jealousy. It's a feeling I have never had before."

He put his hand on her arm and turned her gently round. Her eyes were warm.

She said against his mouth: "So I think I love you too."

When they separated it was as if they had run up five flights. His fingers were trembling. He said: "What's between us is the big thing for me—like no other ever. . . ."

Major Kolono was just beginning his lunch next day when the call came through. He listened. Then he said: "Where was it found? Number what? Flat four? This plumber found it? What was he doing there . . . ? I see. Wait a minute, the address is familiar. Hold the line."

He walked into his office and took up another phone. "Find out who lives at flat four, number eleven, Baronou Street." He waited until the information came through, then stumped back to the other telephone.

"You fool!" he said with considerable pleasure into the receiver. "Don't you know who lives at that address? It is Mademoiselle Stonaris, Lascou's girl. She was at this anniversary reception on Tuesday night at the *Aegis* offices and would naturally receive any gift which was being presented. Send your plumber about his business and attend to your own."

He slammed the receiver down and sat down to his interrupted *peponi*. But towards the end of the meal certain thoughts began to stir in his mind.

He took his siesta, and woke about ten past four. Sometimes baby octopus gave him acute indigestion and he was nervous about his stomach. Memories of Saturday came to trouble him—he had seen the wanted man talking to Anya Stonaris—and *why* had her flat been searched? There'd been some report, that. . . . He sat up in his chair and pressed the bell. When it was not immediately answered, he kept his finger on it until it was.

His second-in-command came bustling into the room fastening the top button of his tunic. "Sir?"

"Telephone to the offices of *Aegis* and ask if the penknives which were presented to guests on Tuesday night were given to everyone, and especially if it is remembered whether Mademoiselle Stonaris received one."

"Very good, sir."

The man went out, and Kolono rubbed his little black moustache and belched. It was a good policy, he decided, to ring the various branch stations for news of Vanbrugh. An inquiry would keep them up to scratch.

He had finished with two stations and was checking a third when his assistant came into the room. Kolono said: "Well?"

"Sir, penknives were given only to the gentlemen. The ladies received fountain pens."

Major Kolono felt a knot twist in his stomach, and it was not dyspepsia. "So."

His second-in-command waited patiently.

"How did it come about that Mademoiselle Stonaris's flat was searched in the first place? An anonymous report, wasn't it?"

"A phone call, sir. Late on Tuesday night."

"Who was the lieutenant who searched the flat?"

"Andros, sir."

"Send for him at once. . . ."

Madame Lindos was a woman of resource. When her cousin's son-in-law, who happened to be Kolono's second-in-command, called her on the telephone just as she was about to sit down to tea and gave her an urgent but guarded message, she didn't get flustered or panic. She told Louisa to take the teapot back to the kitchen and to keep it warm, then she picked up the telephone. She first phoned the proprietor of a small garage whom she had helped to start in business ten years ago. Then, having talked with him, she phoned Anya, who had left her only a few minutes ago. . . .

To pass the time while Anya was out, Vanbrugh had read the morning paper. There was nothing new, but on the back paper his eyes suddenly came on a paragraph headed, "Spaniard's Death."

> Philip Tolosa, thirty-nine year old Spanish dancer and harpist, was found gravely injured in the street outside his hotel window from which he had apparently jumped or fallen. He died on the way to hospital. . . .

Peter folded the paper. A contrived accident? It seemed unlikely. No one now had anything to gain by his death. For ten days Philip Tolosa had been working himself into a frame of mind from which there was no return.

And Maria? Safe by now. She was the only one of the three that mattered.

WHEN Anya returned, she brought with her his new passport. It was not a bad copy. It would pass the casual examination of a frontier officer.

"And Sophia?"

"She has had word from Nafplion that it is all right as far as there."

"So tomorrow morning I leave."

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

From behind the blinds Vanbrugh looked down at the street below. There were a few more people about, and cars moved up and down it. The sun was slanting, falling full upon the blinds, and the *sala* was warm.

He turned from the window and held his face against Anya's. Her hair touched his forehead and he blew it away. She laughed.

"We must have a wonderful dinner tonight, Peter."

"I'd like that."

"I will devise a menu. My mother taught me to cook, you'll be surprised to know."

"Give me the key to your wine cellar," he said.

"I bought a lobster this morning. With pâté before it. Or is that too rich? A good soup. . . ."

"I'll risk the pâté. Darling, do you play that piano in the next room?"

"Of course."

"Then will you do that? You see, I don't know you yet, and I want to get to know you."

The telephone began to ring.

They looked at each other. She slid out of his arms and went into the other room. From the doorway he watched her.

"Yes. . . . Yes, he is here. . . . What is it?" All the laughter had gone from her face. She held out the telephone. "It is Madame Lindos. For you."

He took the phone, his mind registering the incaution of these women. Then he heard that unmistakable dry voice.

"Peter, you must go. The—the people who called for you on Tuesday night are coming for you again."

He felt what he had never felt before on his own behalf, a qualm of panic.

"When?"

"The message was a little indefinite—naturally. But I think immediately. I think they will be round any moment. Now listen. Understand this carefully."

"Yes?"

"In five minutes—if these people who are coming for you are not there before then—a taxi will draw up at the door. The young man driving it will be looking for you. Be in the doorway ready. The taxi will not stop its engine. As it draws up, go out and jump in. Is that clear?"

"Yes. What are you——"

"It is the best I could do in an emergency. It may already be too late."

"Sophia, I cannot let you——"

"You must be there waiting, for my friend will not stop. He will tell you the rest. God go with you."

He spoke again but she had rung off.

He put the phone back and turned to look at Anya, who was standing tall and straight watching him.

"I'm on my way," he said.

To be concluded next week

"You've no idea, lady, how much longer it takes to read meters this time of the year"

BELIEF—5

Everyone believes very easily whatever he fears or desires.

La Fontaine

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***Example:* Lost**
***Bullet:* Among Jingling Tills—Sleigh-bells?**

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To Celebrate Christmas	Our Little Angel
Baby Satellite	A Terrible Row
Goodwill Towards Men	Dad Said He'd Carve, But
Souvenir Of 1957	Dismal Jimmy
By The Million	A Fourpenny One
The Bells Rang Out And	Over Our Heads
Good Things	Raining Cats And Dogs
Unpredictable	With A Grunt
Shock For The Ghost	Black Faces
At The Touch Of A Switch	At The End Of The Day

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual

Happy New Year For..... Deserves .....
To Make ..... Not A Lot Of.....
The.....Nobody Wants What They're ..... About

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2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, Dec. 14, for early news of No. 2,118 result.)

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